

GOLD



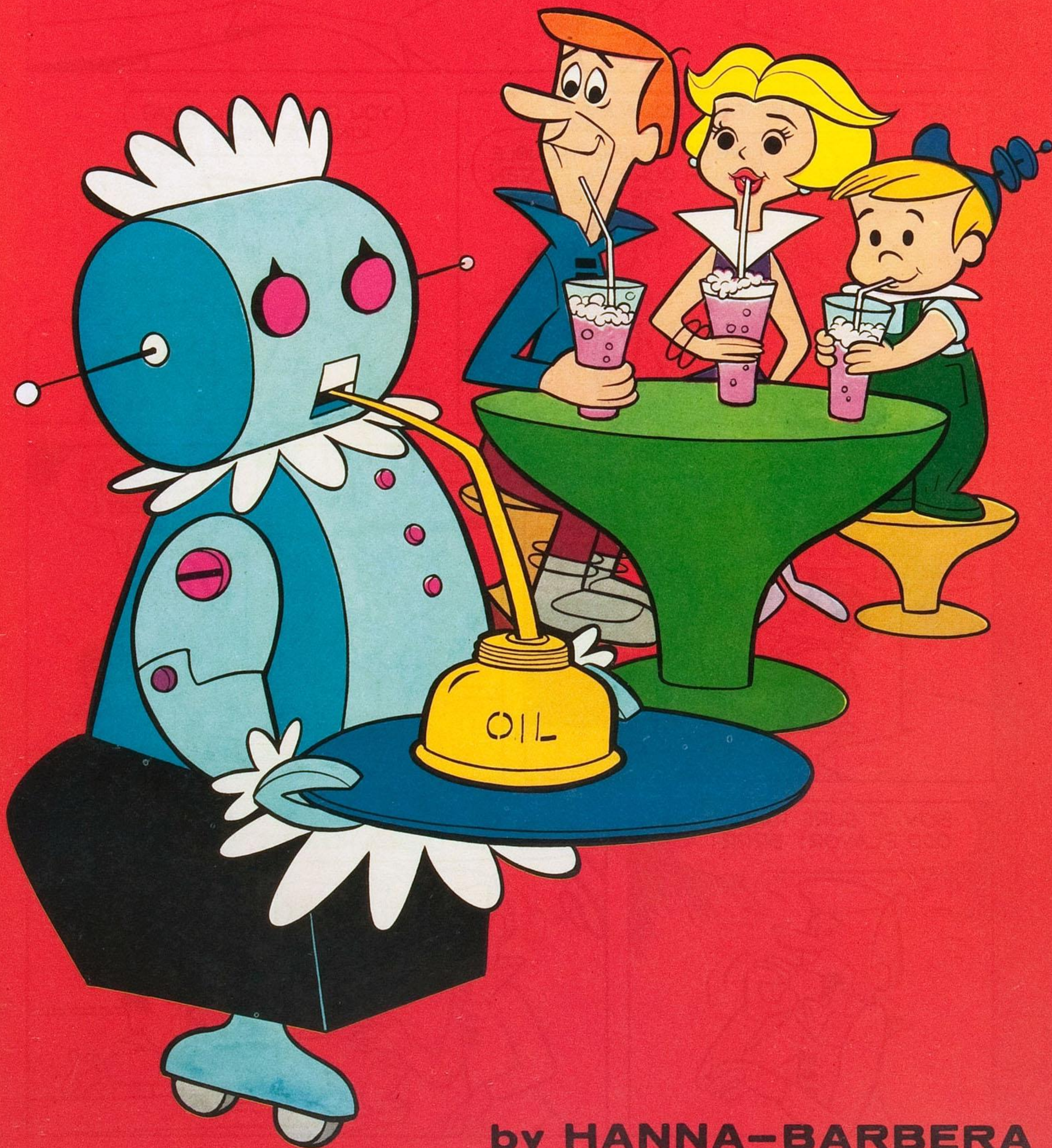
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JULY

THE JETSONS

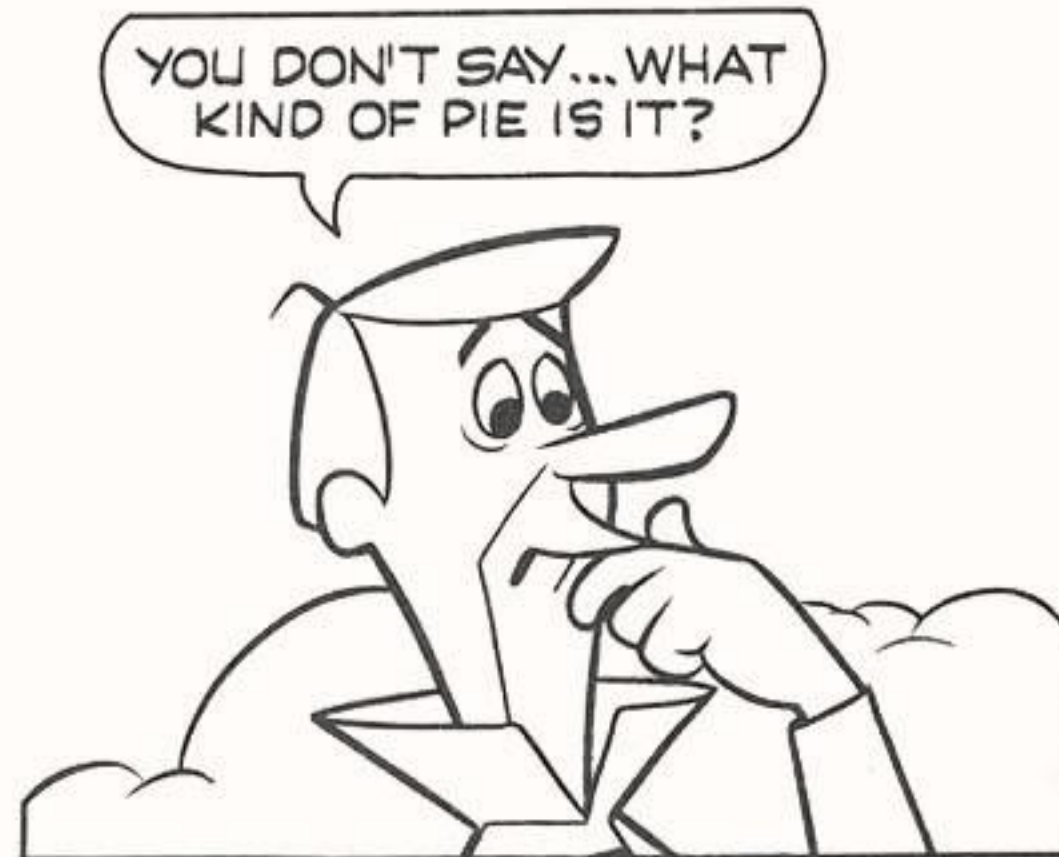
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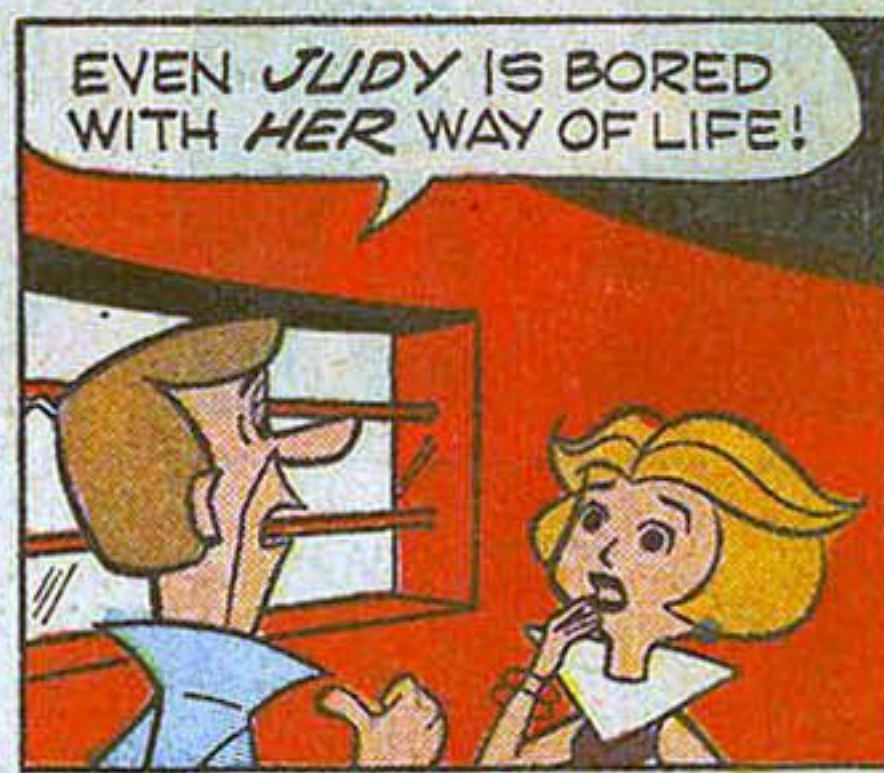
The JETSONS



by HANNA-BARBERA

Hanna-Barbera
The JETSONS





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AND IN A JIFFY
THE JETSONS ARE
WESTBOUND
ABOARD A
MONO-HOUND...

WE'LL BE THERE BEFORE
YOU CAN SAY...



OWLHOOT
JUNCTION!

SEE? WE'RE
THERE
ALREADY!



THERE'LL BE A COVERED WAGON
WAITING TO TAKE US FROM THE
STATION TO THE FLYIN' JET DUDE
RANCH!

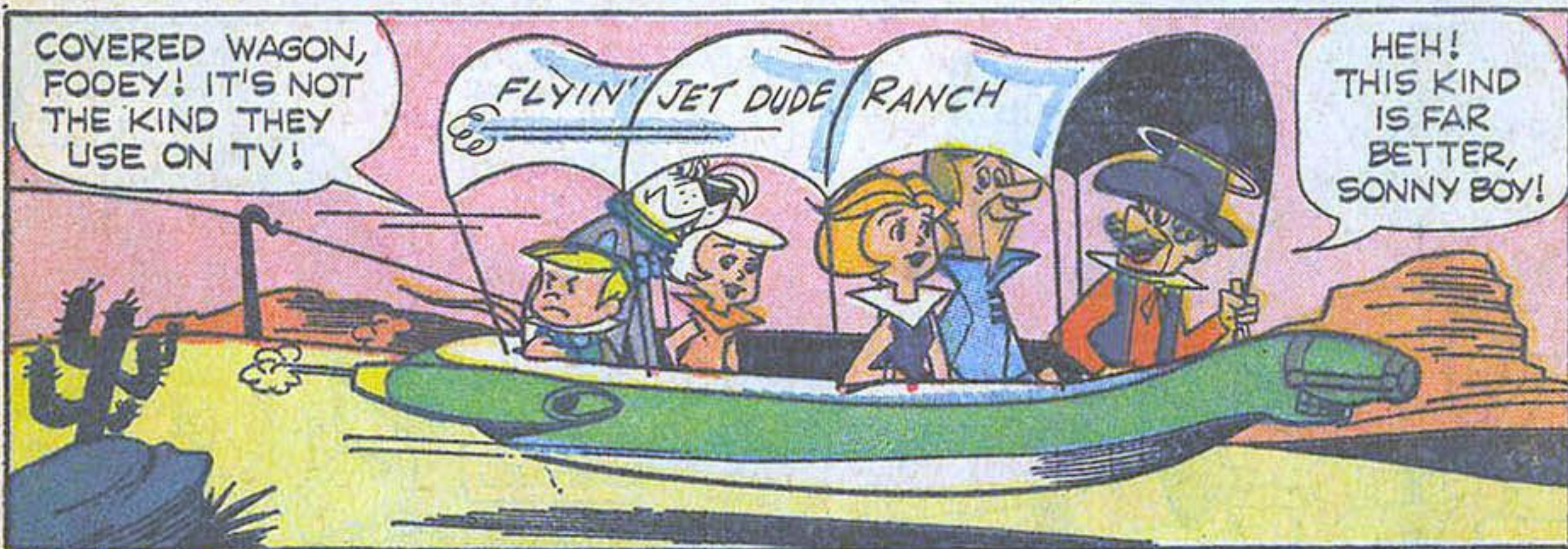
YIP! YIP! YAHOO!



COVERED WAGON,
FOOEY! IT'S NOT
THE KIND THEY
USE ON TV!

FLYIN' JET DUDE RANCH

HEH!
THIS KIND
IS FAR
BETTER,
SONNY BOY!



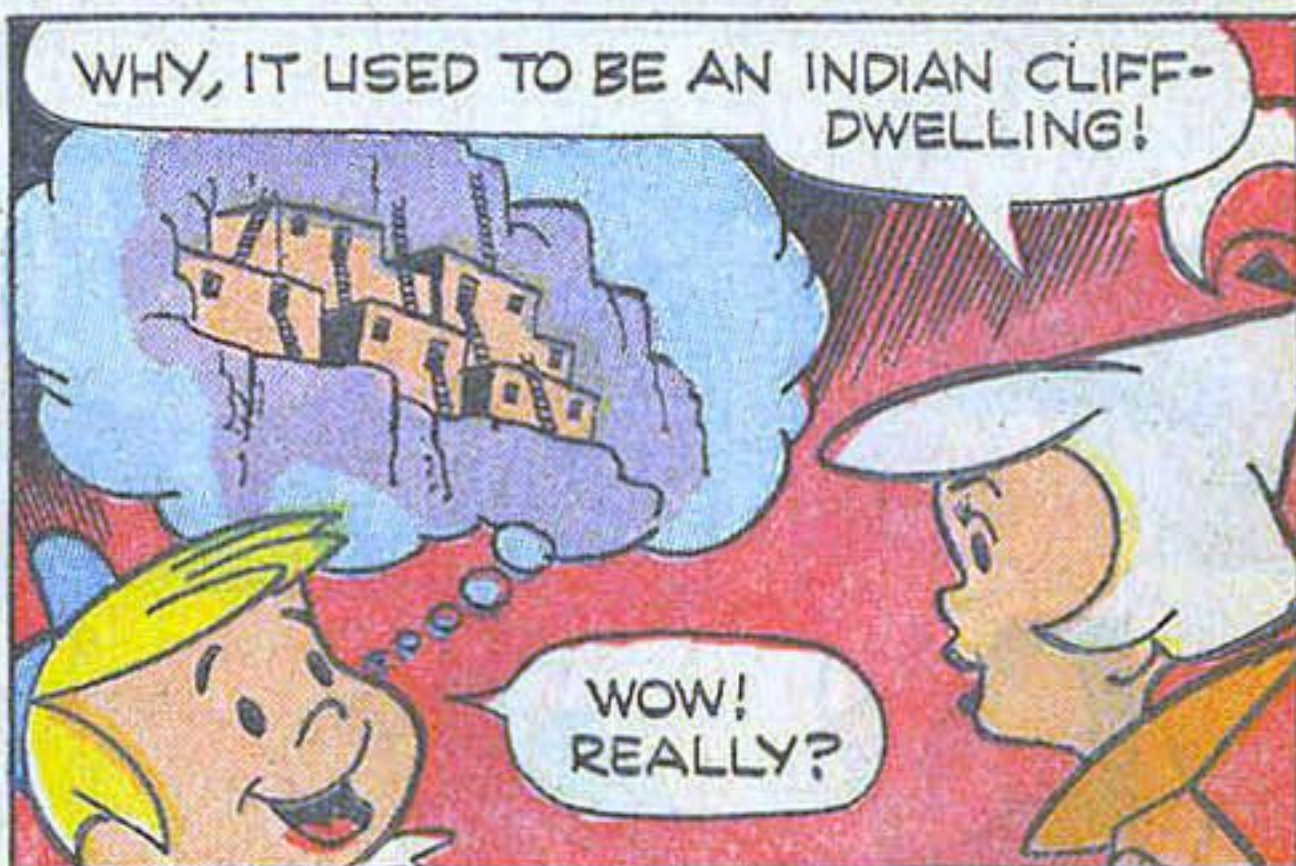
AND WAIT'LL YOU SEE THE RANCH
HOUSE!

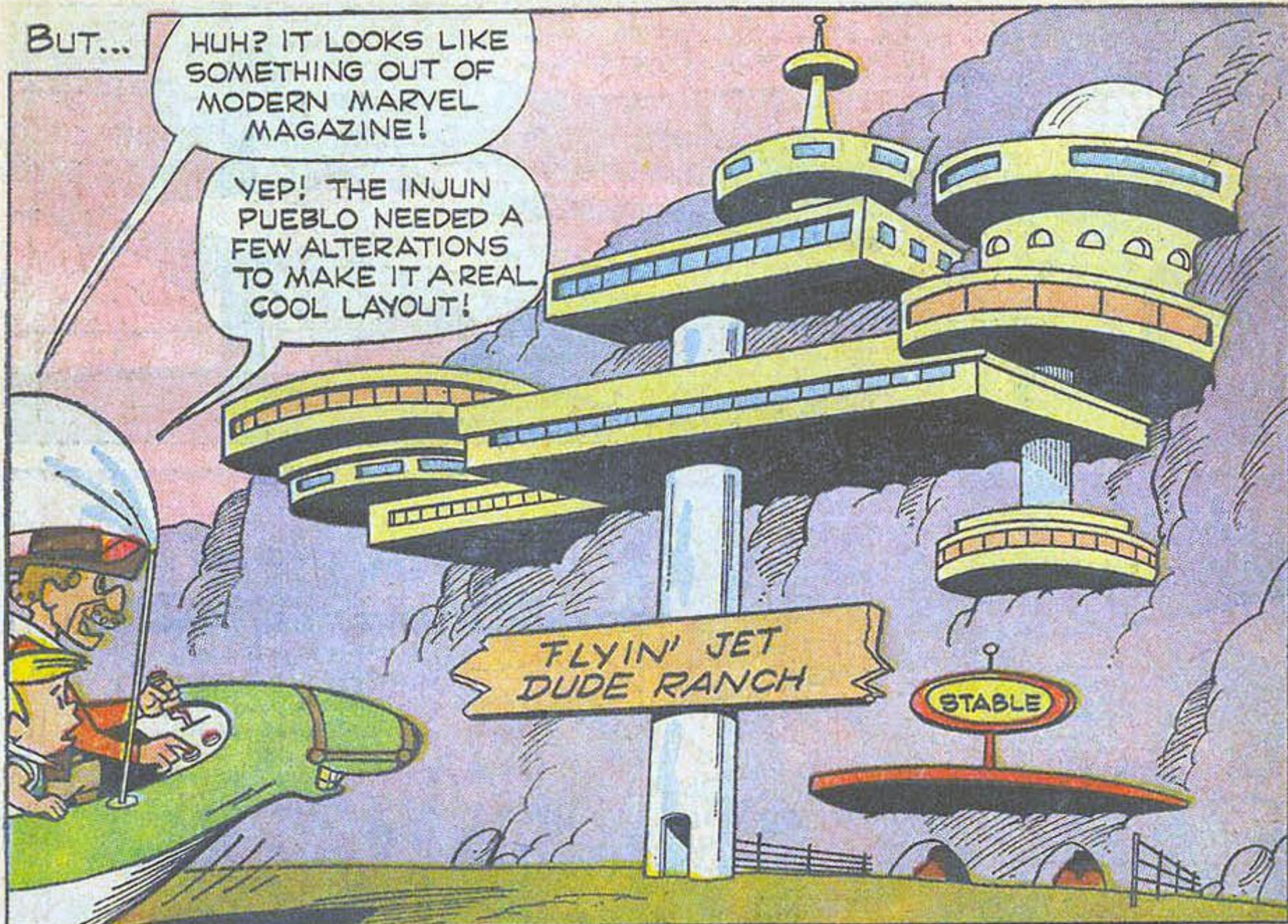
IT HAD
BETTER BE
PLENTY
AUTHENTIC!

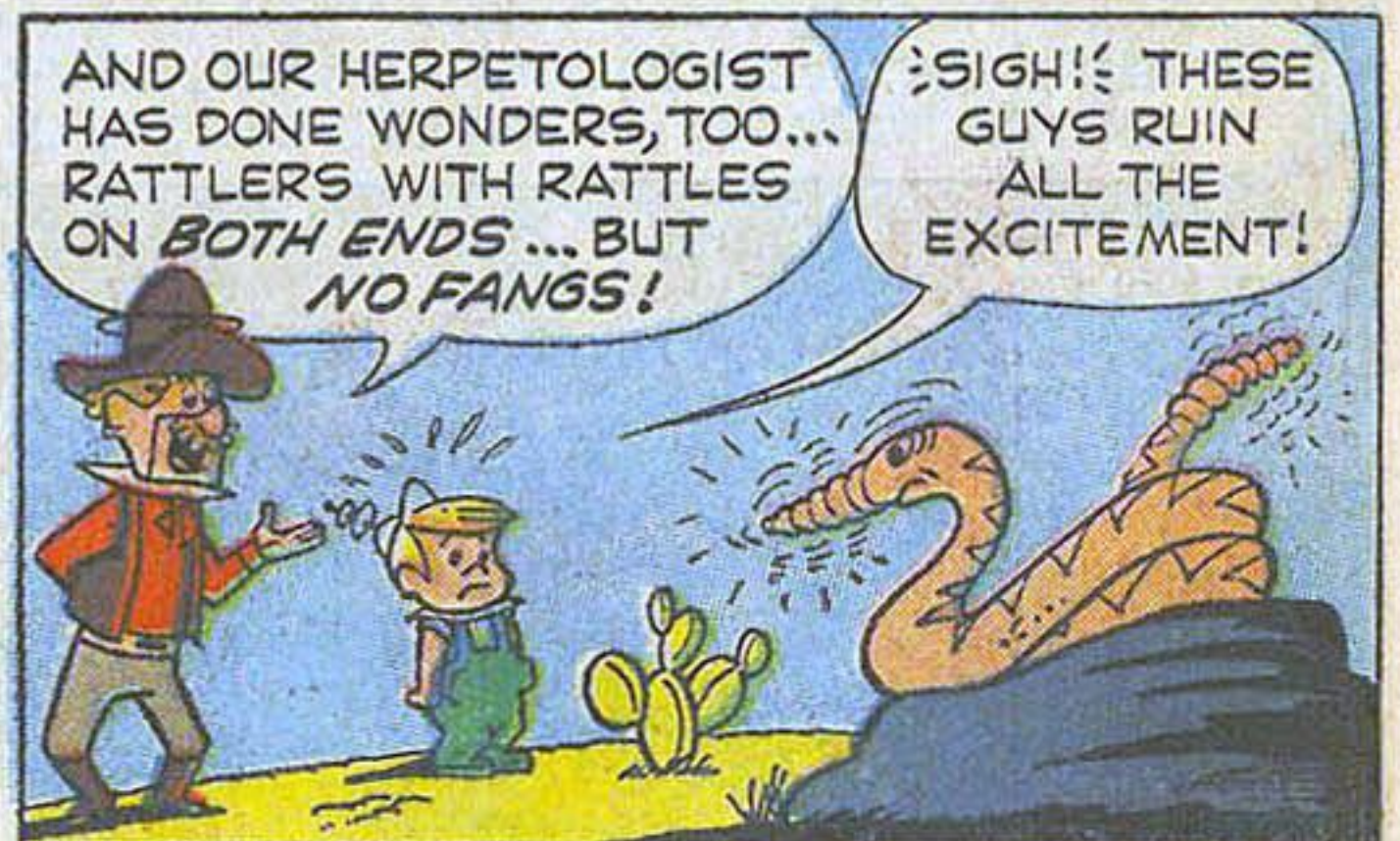
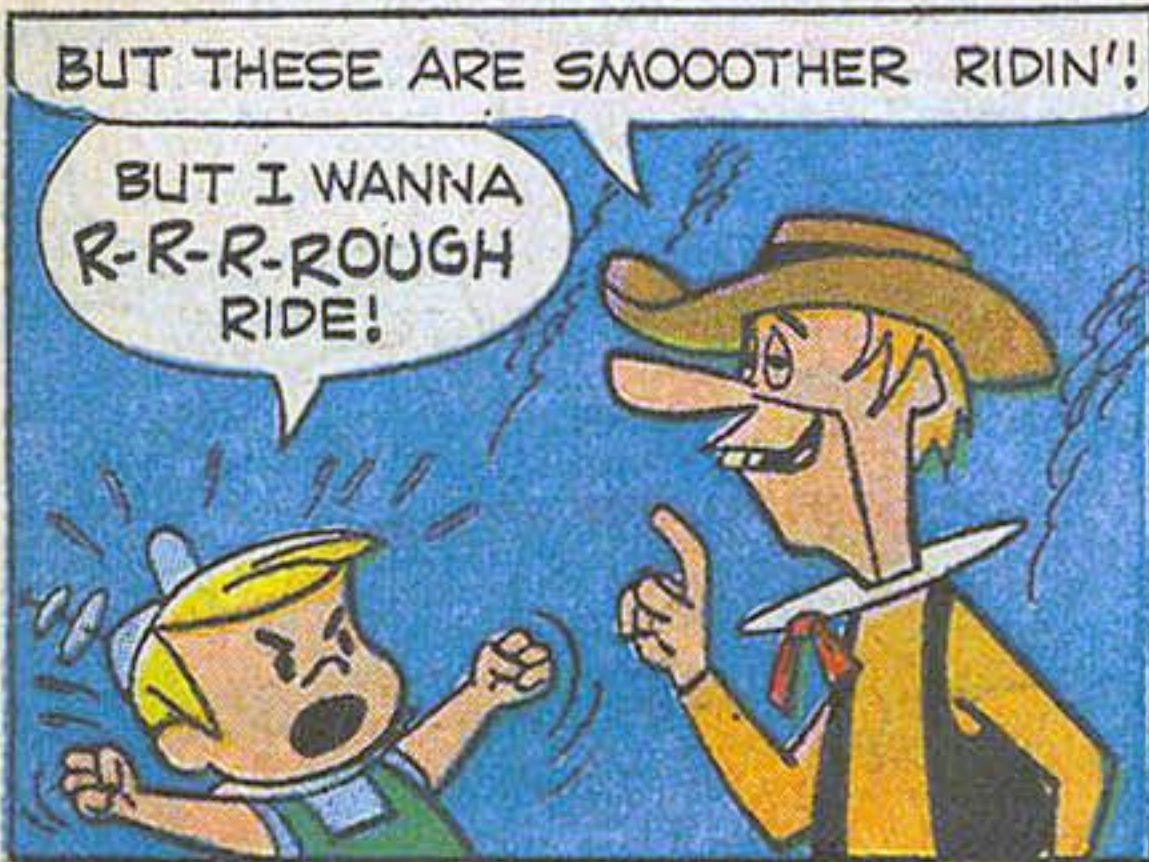


WHY, IT USED TO BE AN INDIAN CLIFF-
DWELLING!

WOW!
REALLY?







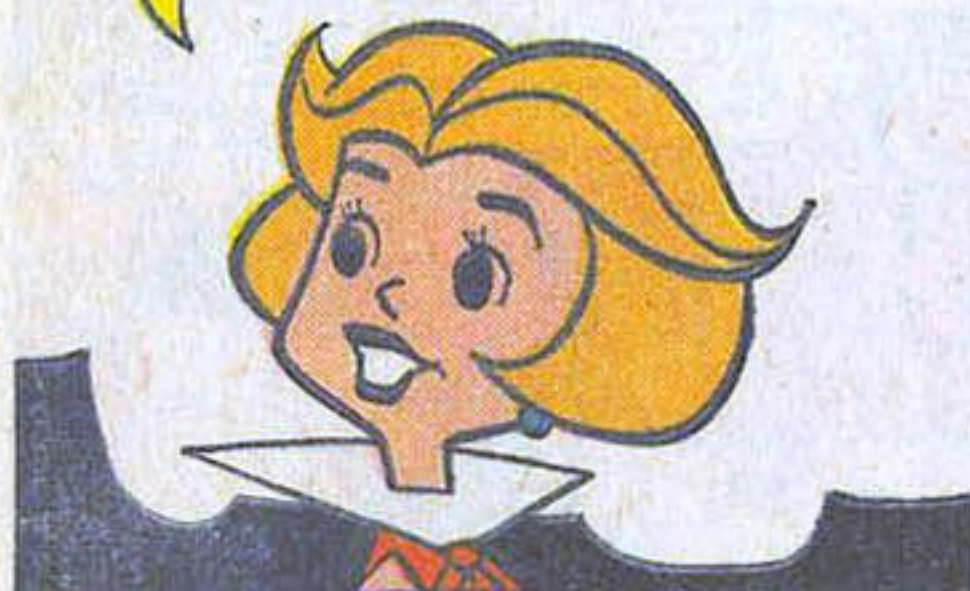
SO THE JETSONS
GO RIDING...

THIS STEED FOR TWO
IS LOVELY, DEAR!

HUMPH!

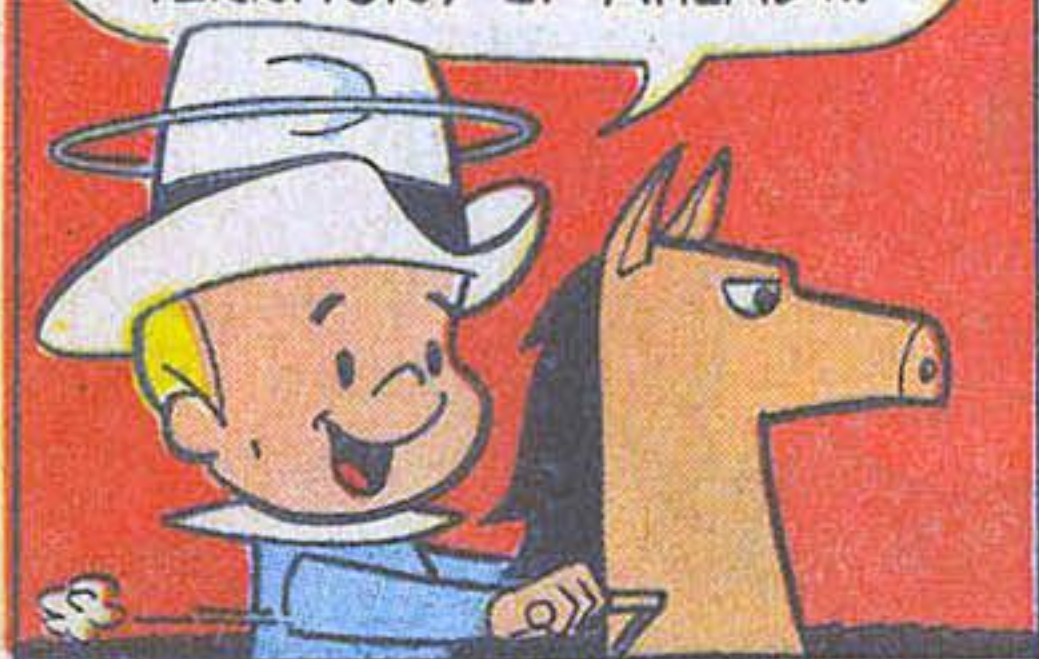


AND LOOK... JUDY HAS
FOUND AN INTERESTING
COWBOY BOYFRIEND...



YOU'RE SO
TALENTED,
ALVARADO!

HEY! I SEE SOME EXTRA
INTERESTING-LOOKING
TERRITORY UP AHEAD...



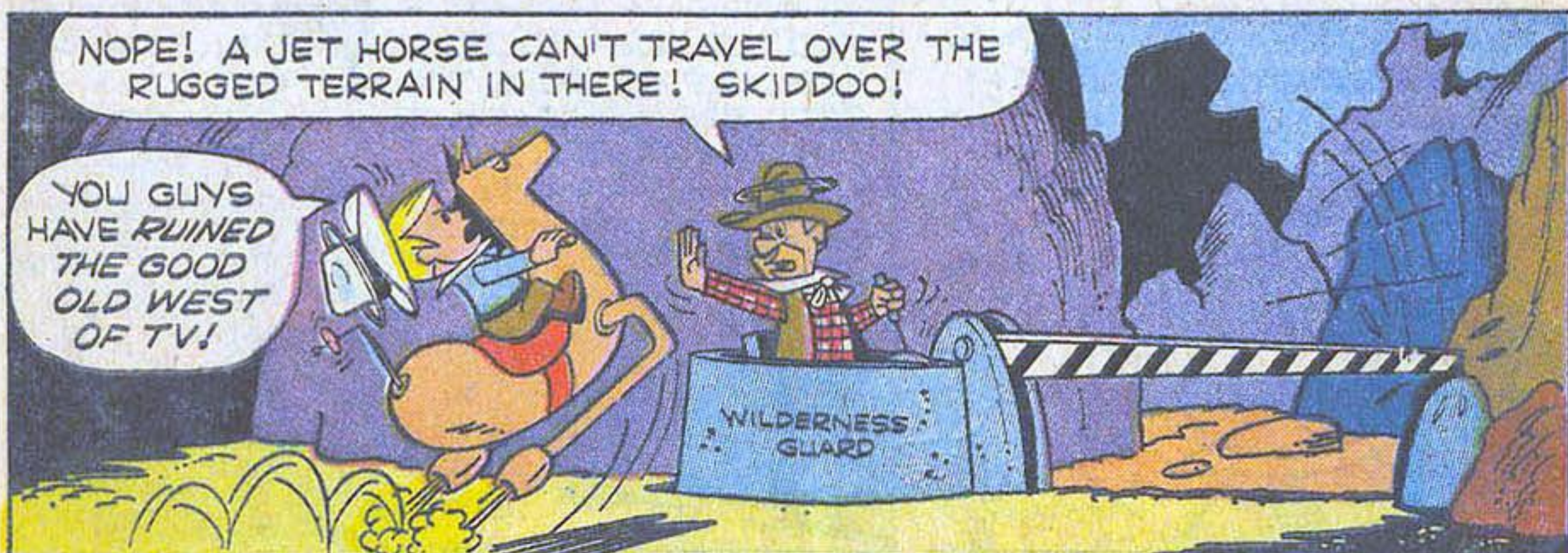
ELROY! BE CAREFUL!
SOMETHING MIGHT
HAPPEN TO YOU!

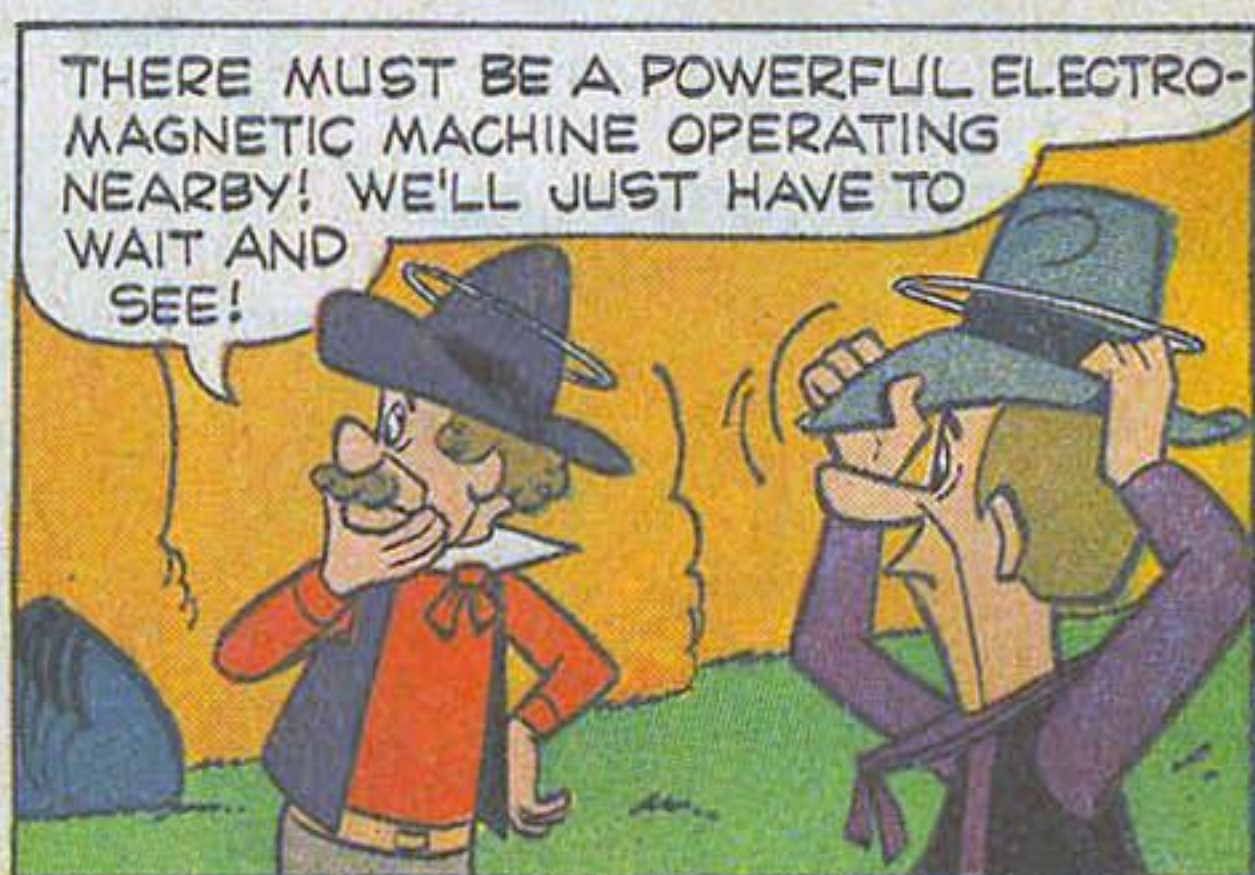
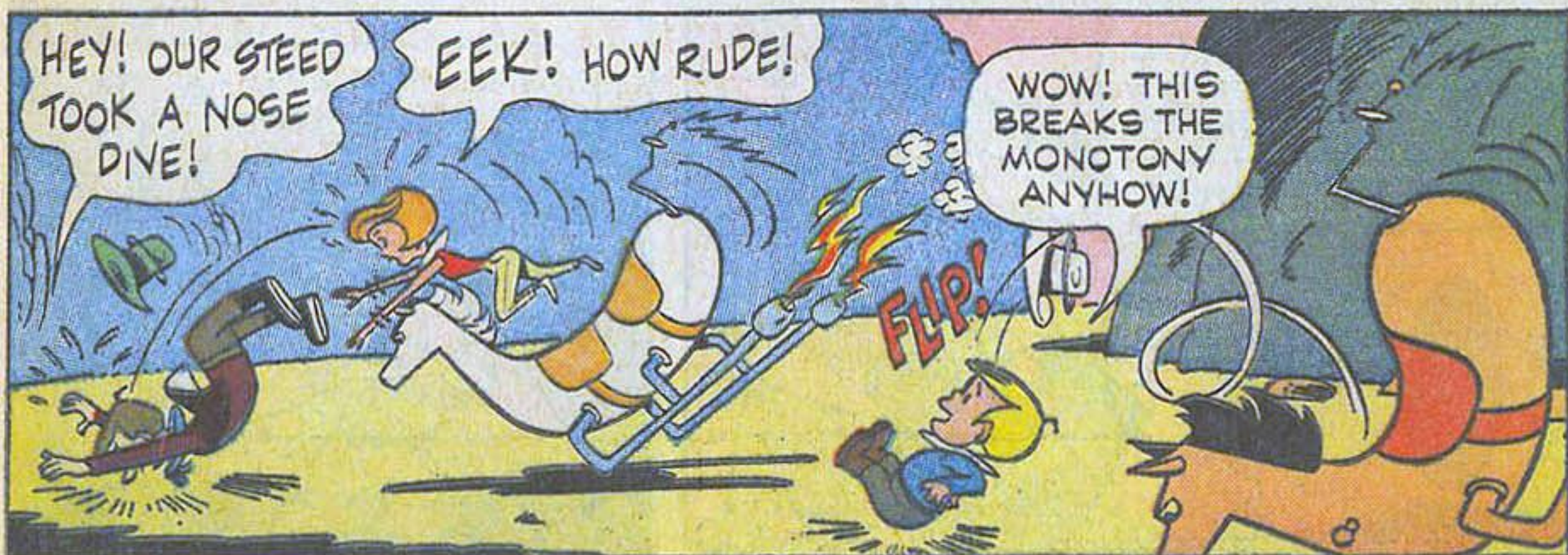
I SURE
HOPE IT
DOES!

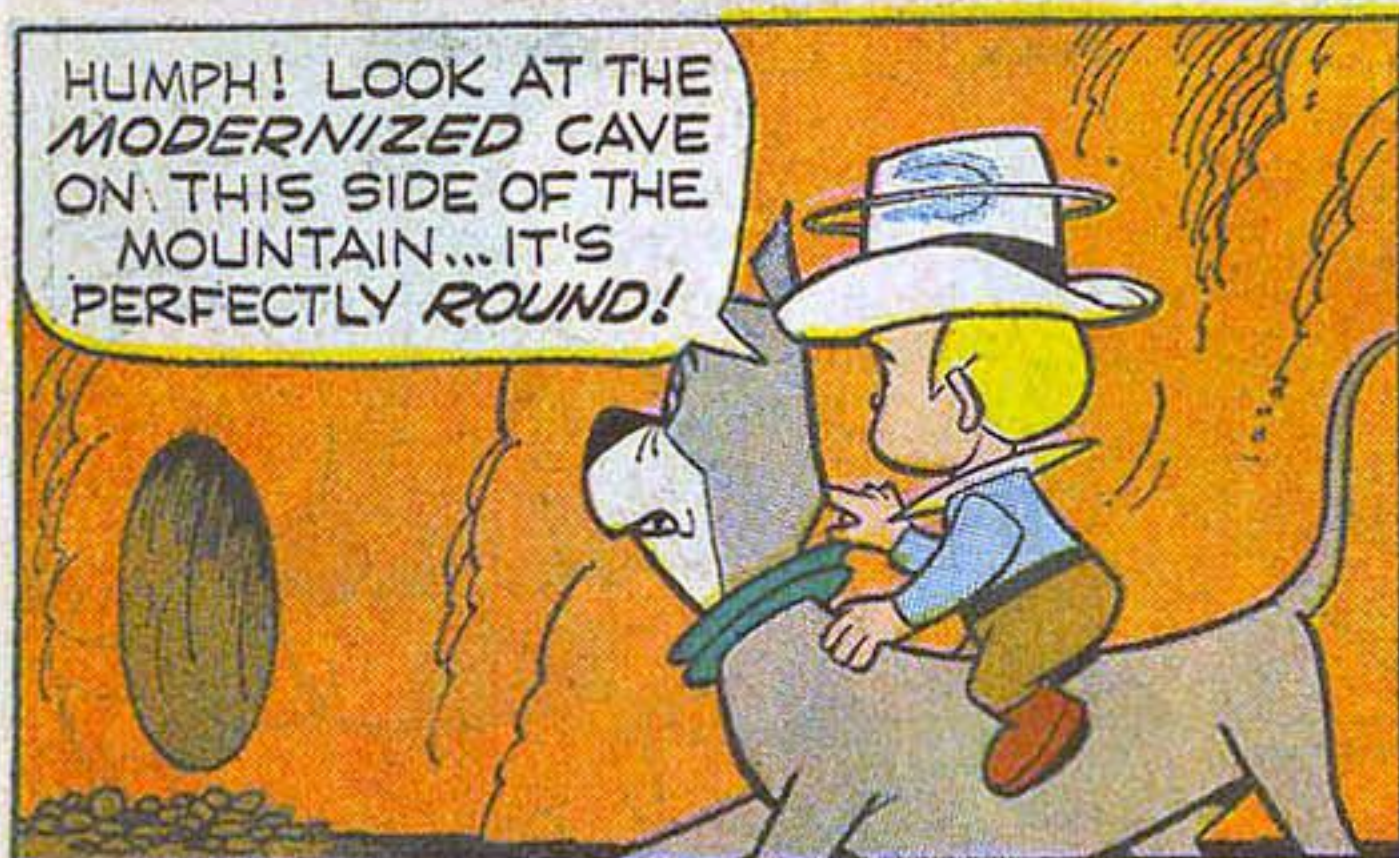
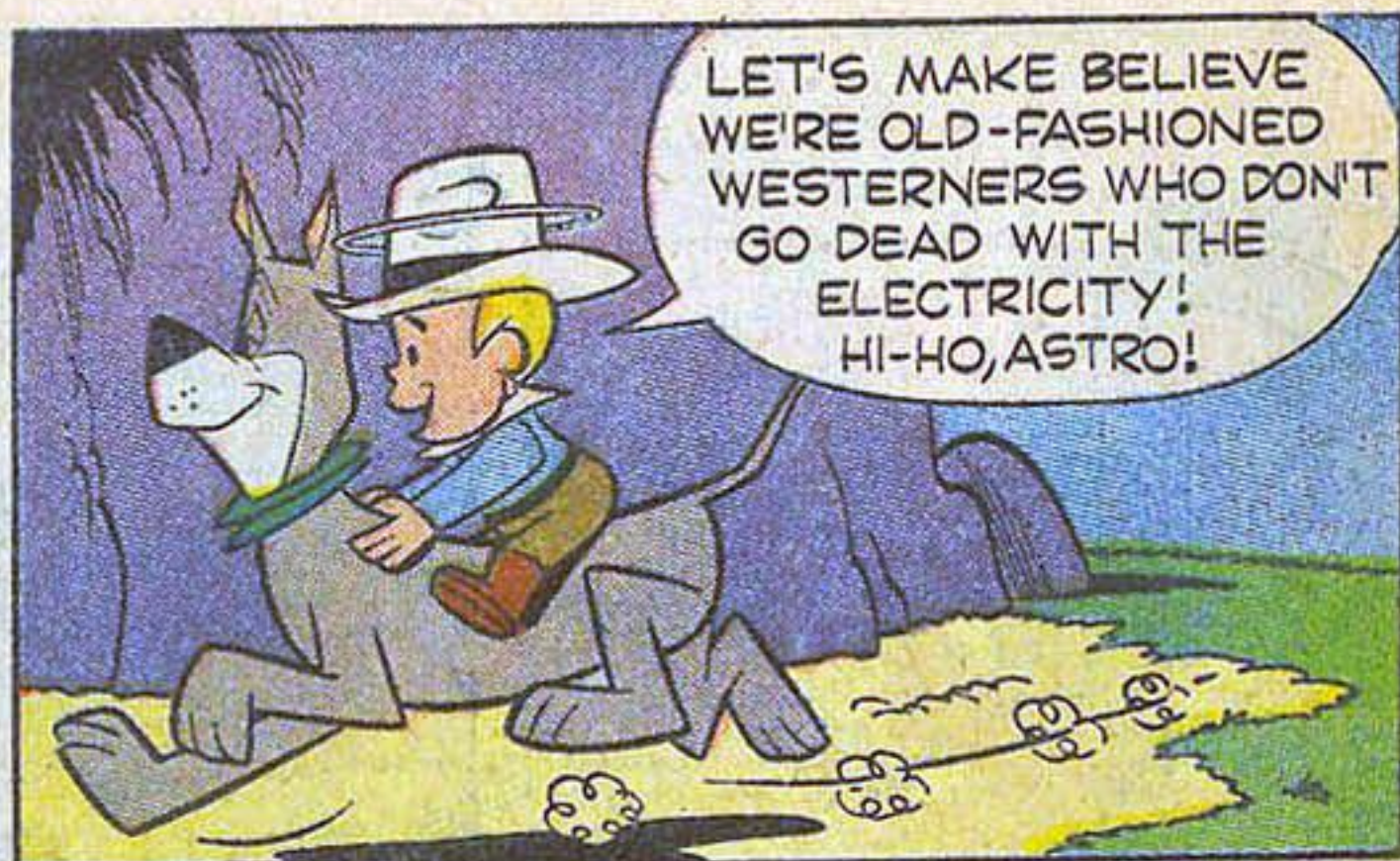
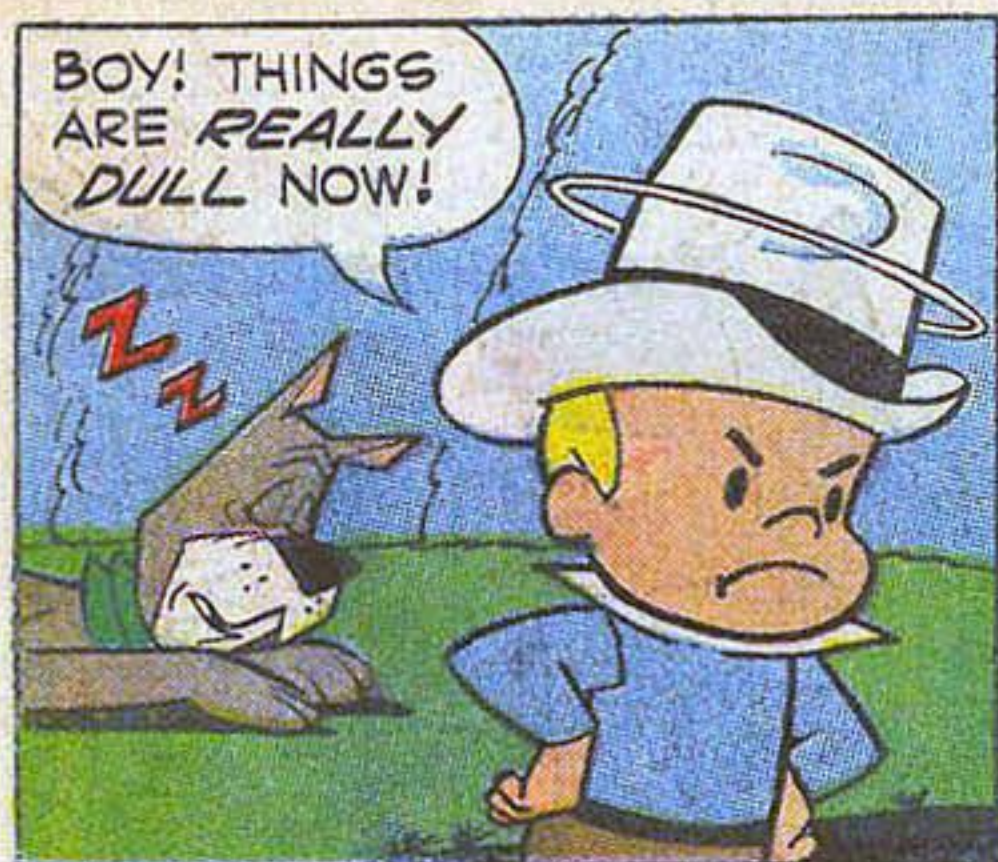


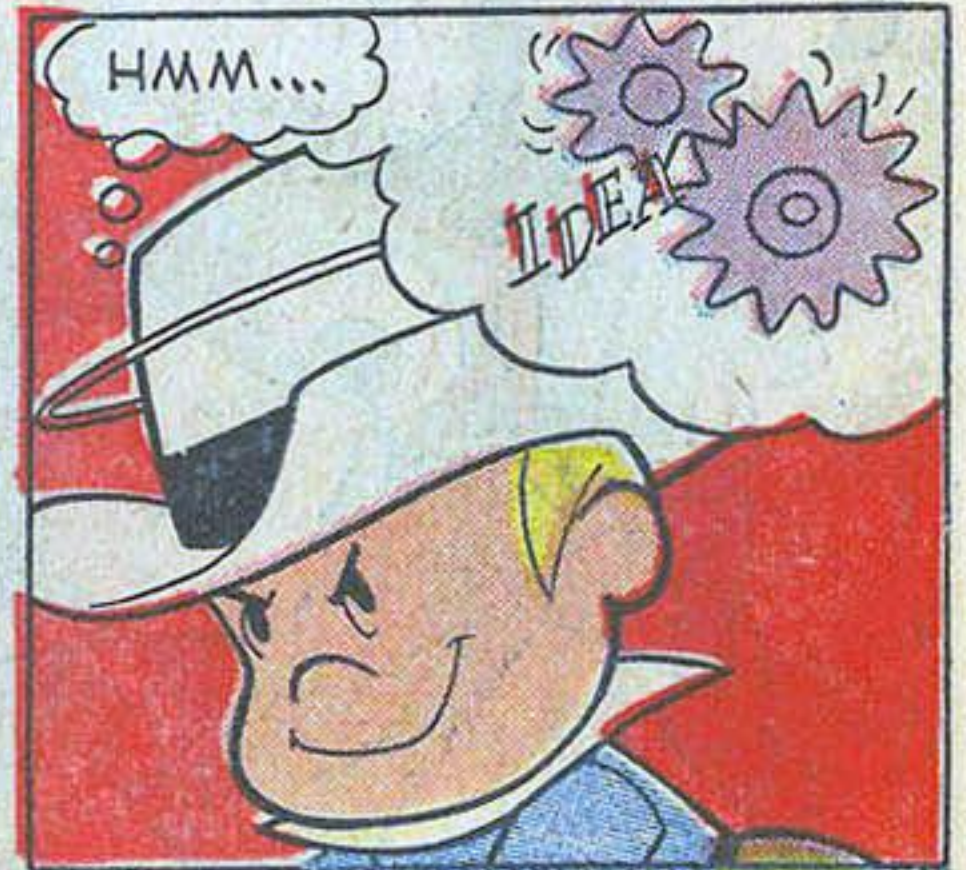
NOPE! A JET HORSE CAN'T TRAVEL OVER THE
RUGGED TERRAIN IN THERE! SKIDDOW!

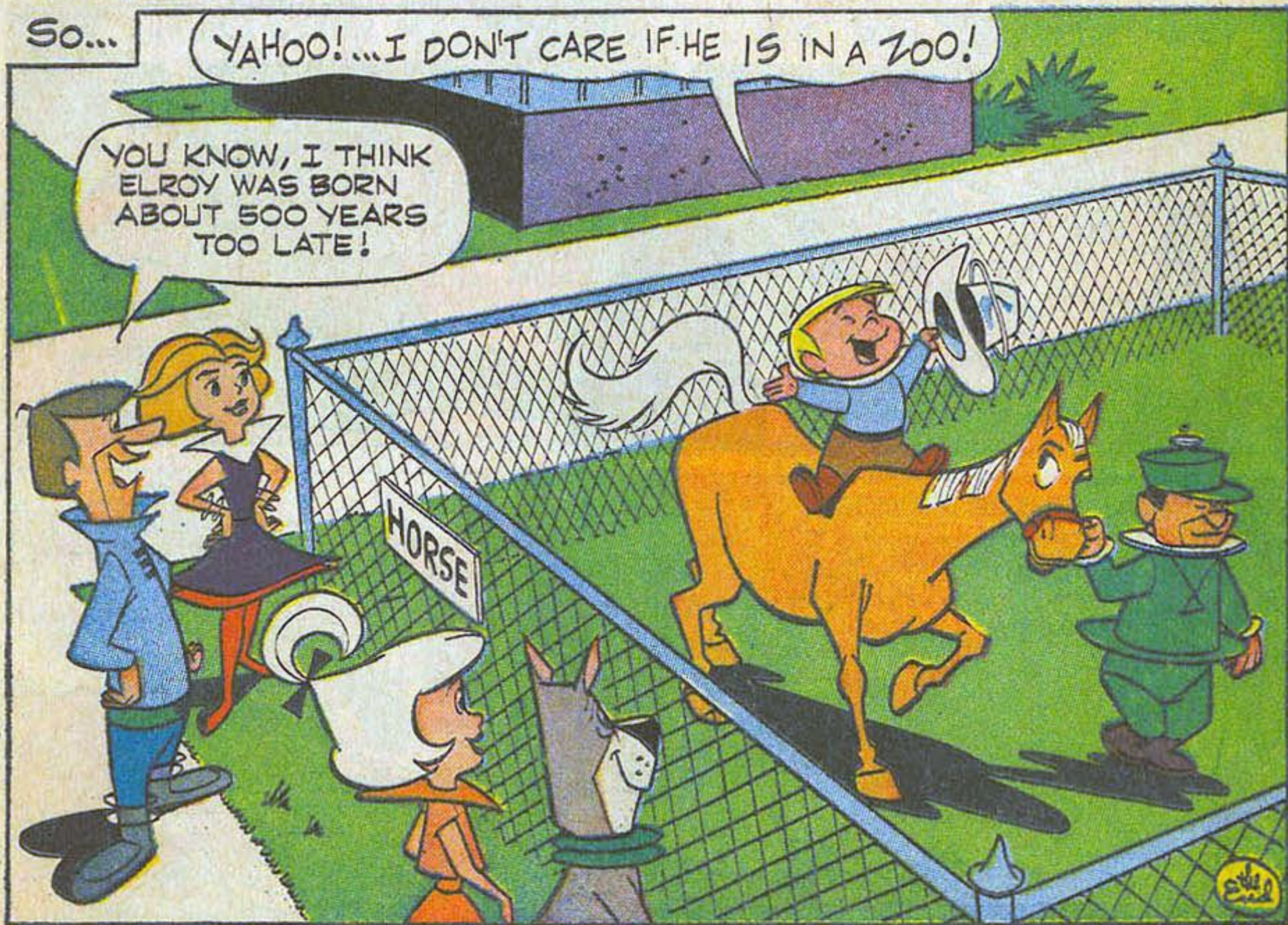
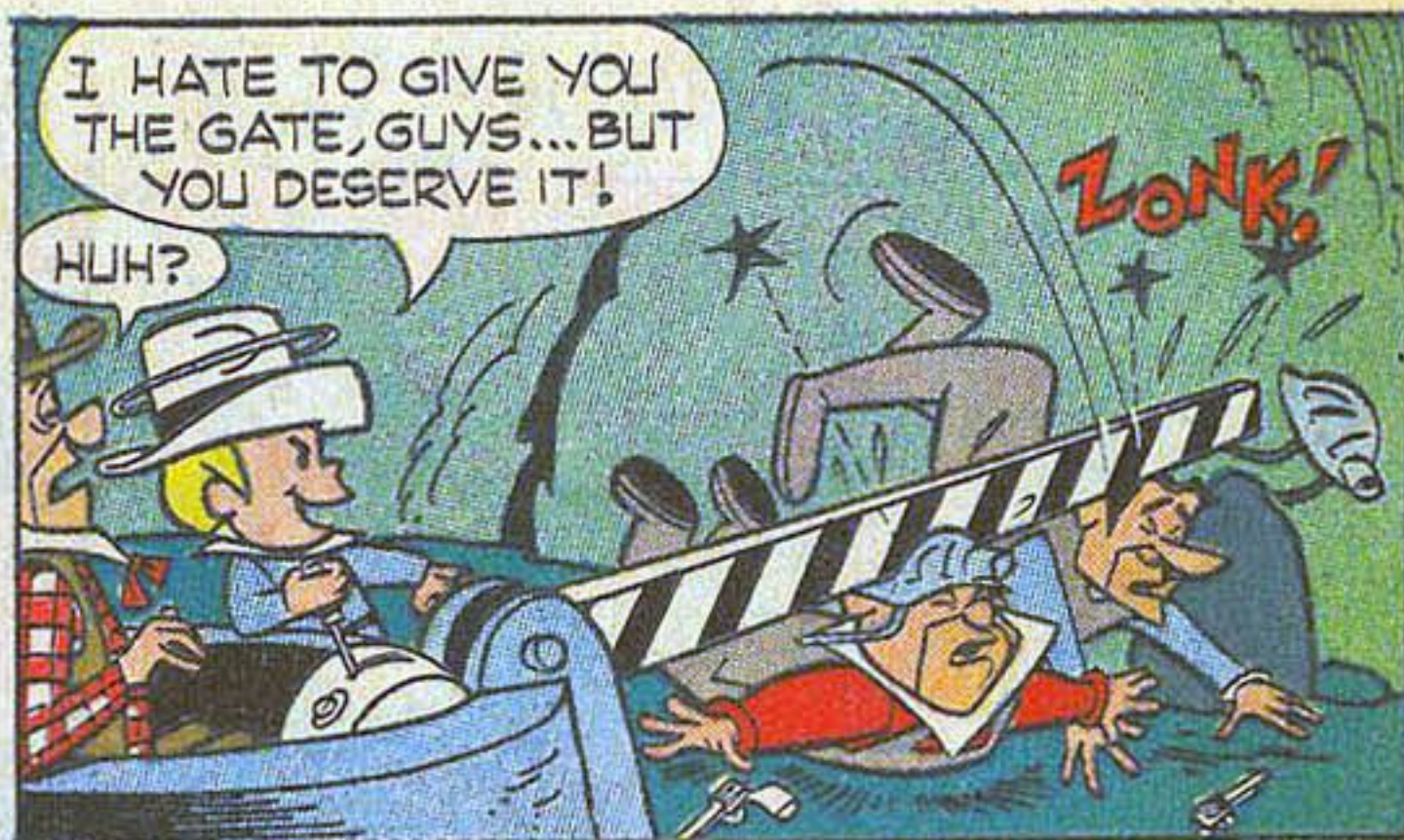
YOU GUYS
HAVE RUINED
THE GOOD
OLD WEST
OF TV!



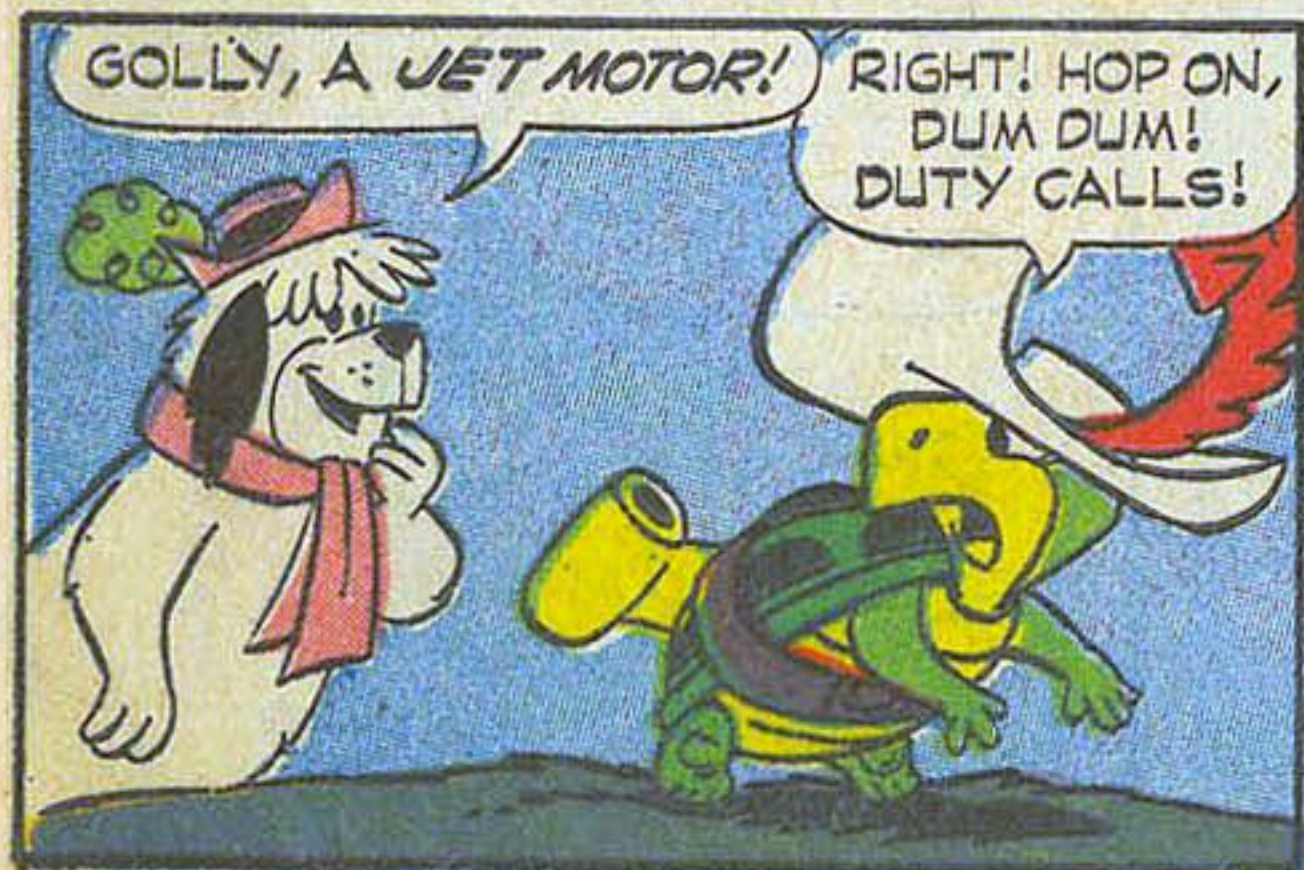
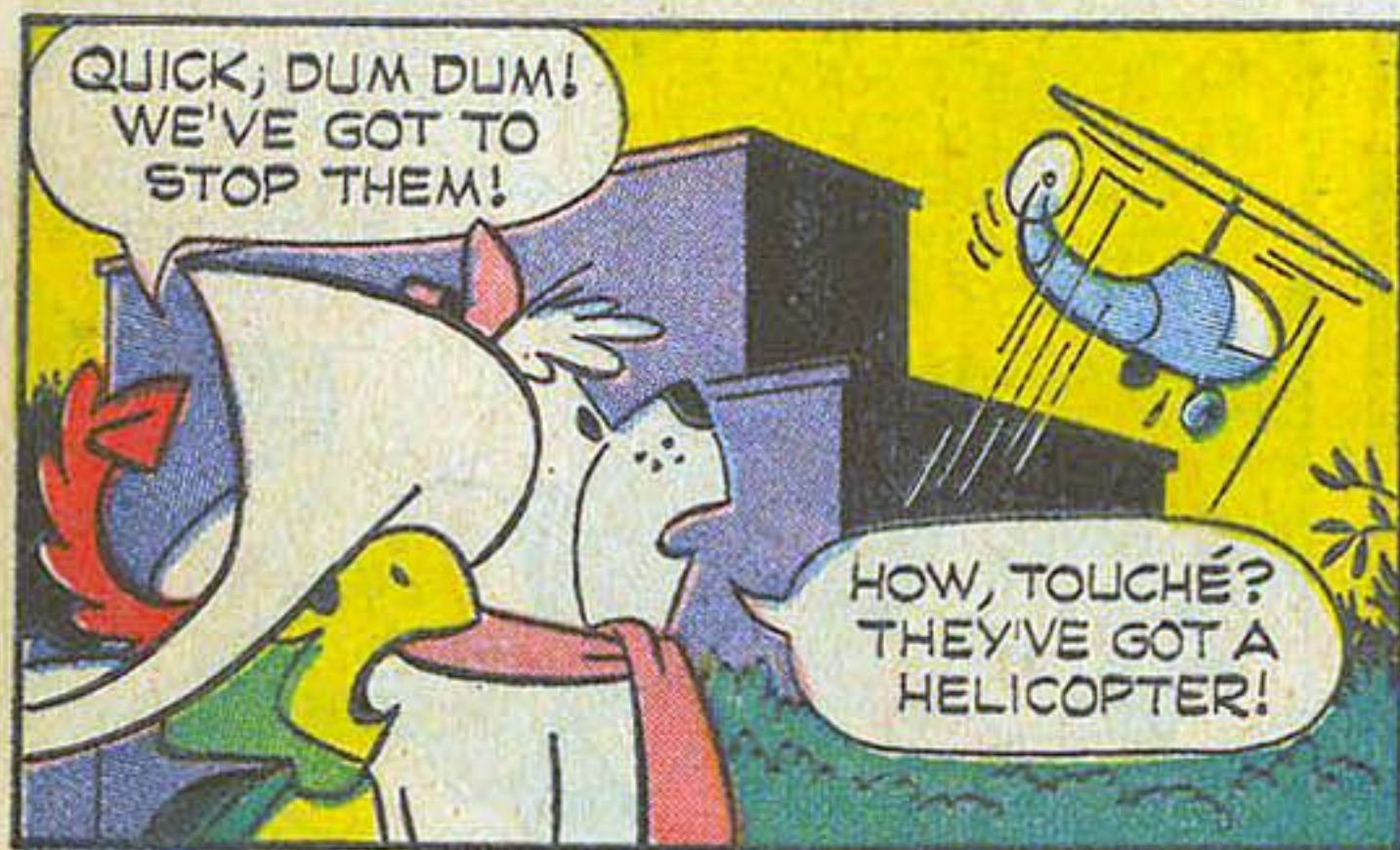


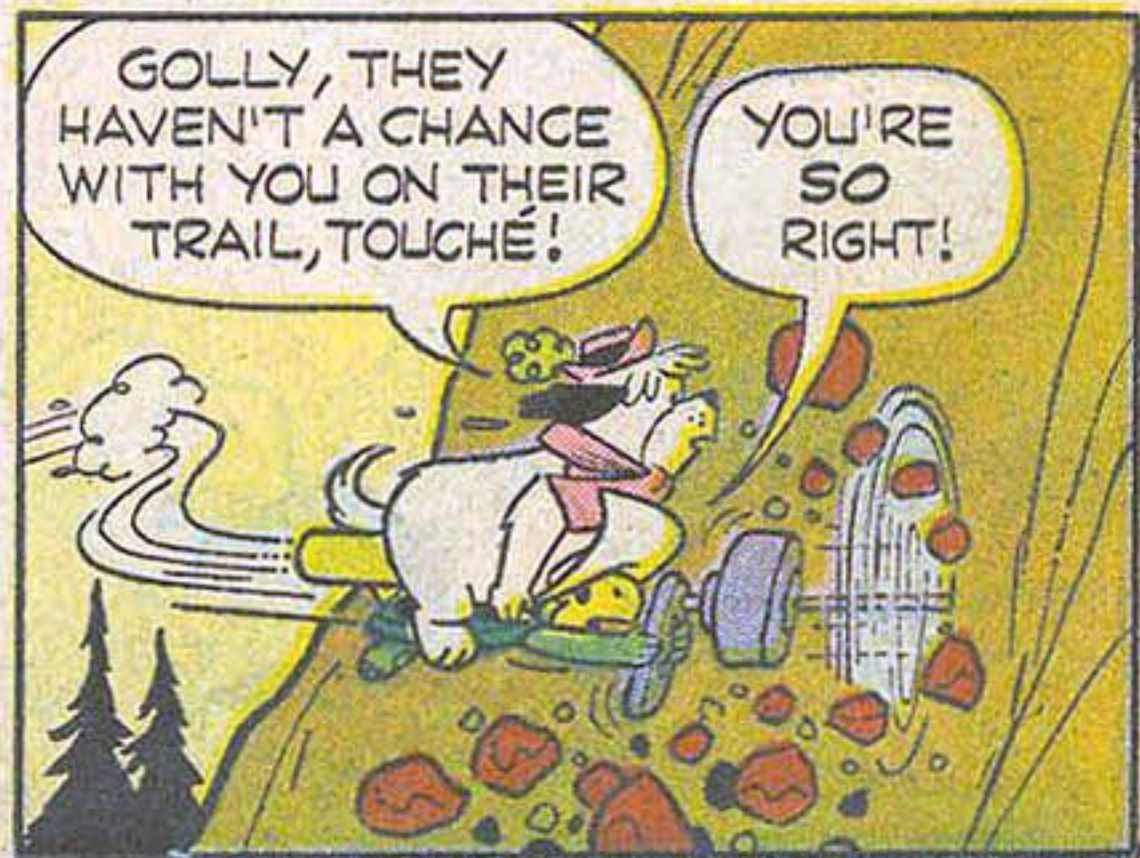


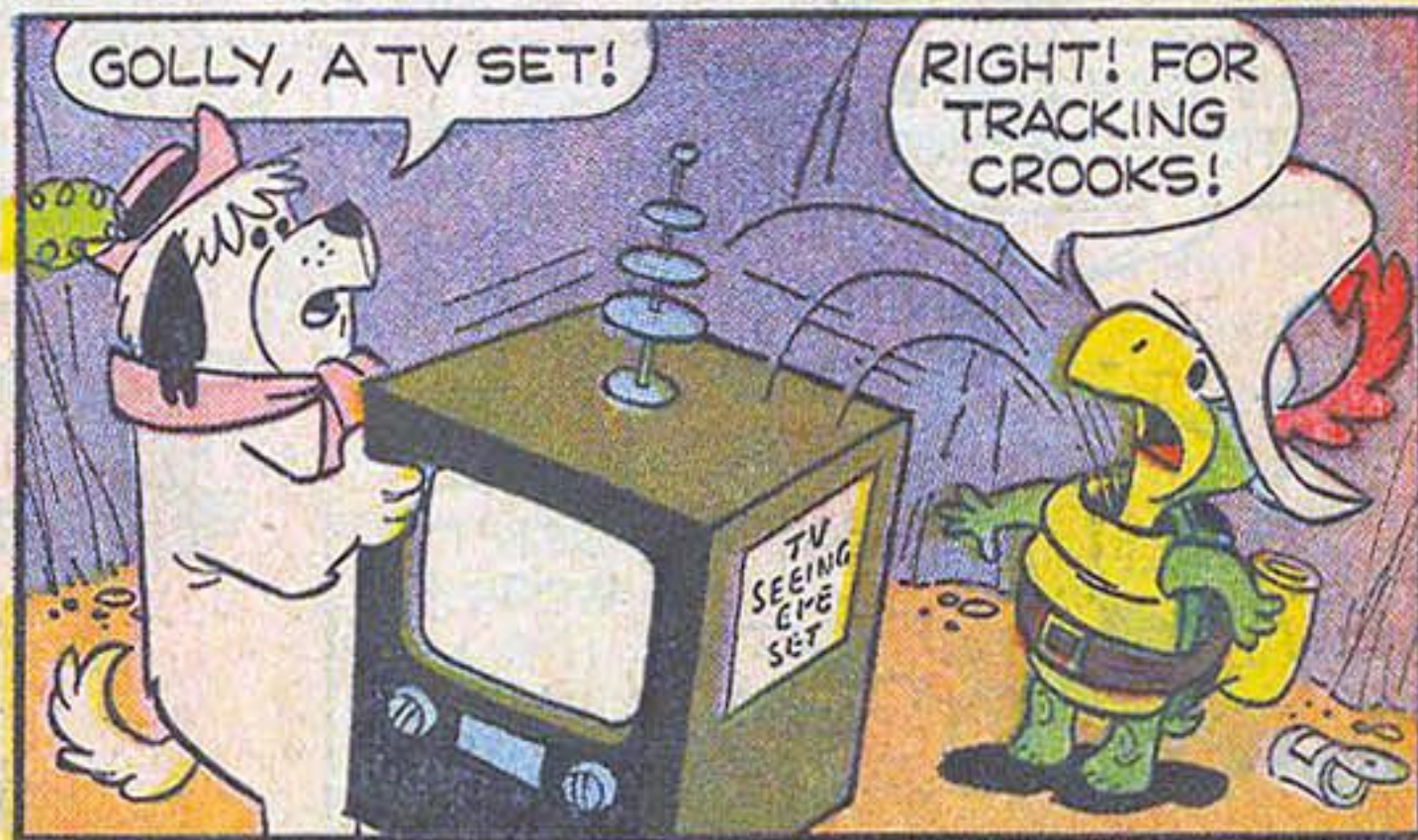
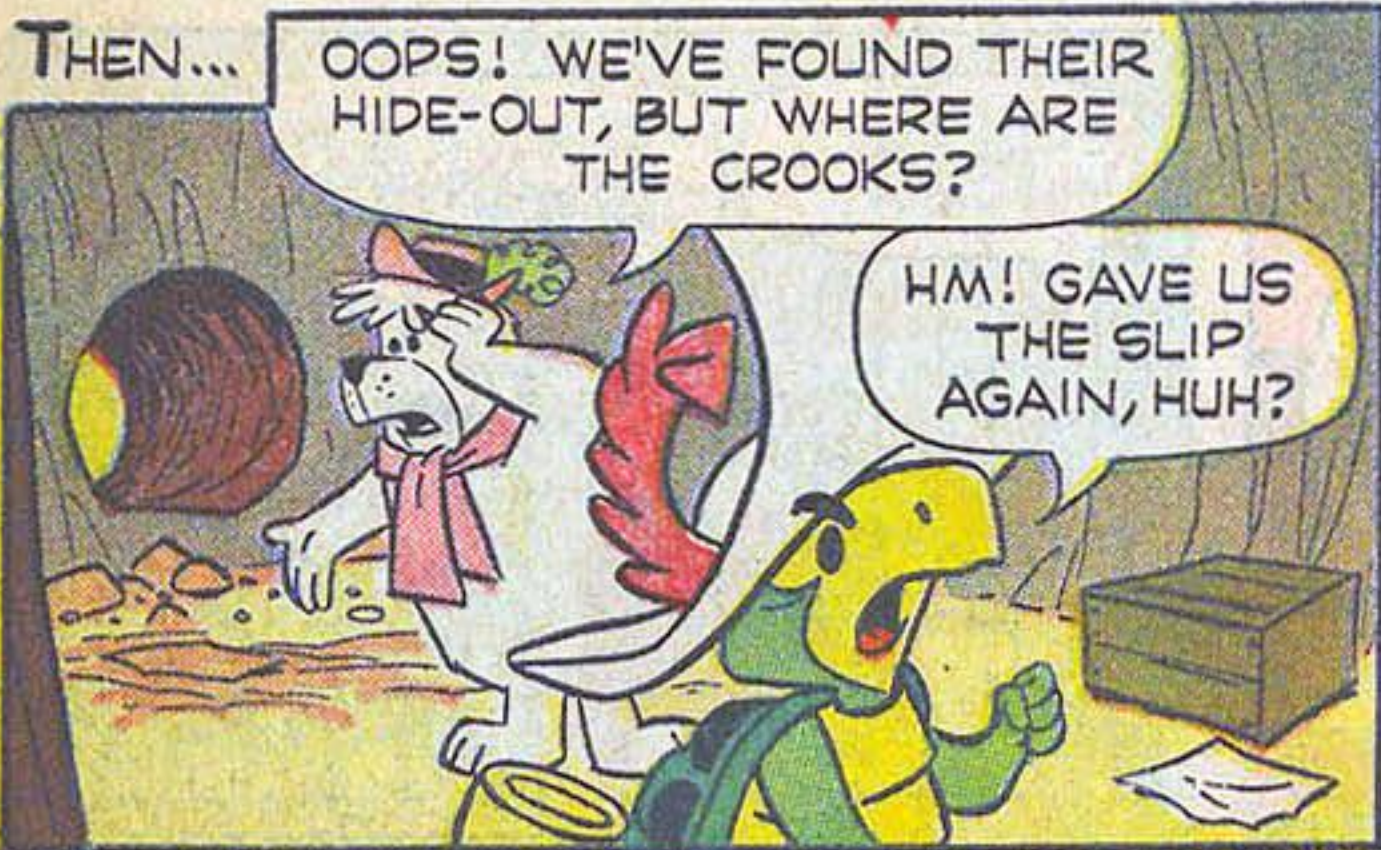




Hanna-Barbera **TOUCHÉ TURTLE and DUM DUM**
THE LOADED SHELL











"The neighborhood is getting less and less desirable!" said Goonda gloomily, looking out of the window.

"What do you mean, dear?" asked J. Evil Scientist, glancing up from his favorite magazine *Werewolf's World*!

"Why, all those new houses they're building around here are spoiling everything!" replied Goonda. "They're paving all those nice muddy streets, putting lights in our dark alleys, and worst of all they're going to drain that wonderful swamp where we have had so many happy picnics!"

"What can we do about it?" said J. Evil.

"We could move!" answered Goonda.

"Move!" exclaimed J. Evil. "Not after all the work we went to making this place so homely and uncomfortable!"

"Why can't we look around?" asked Goonda.

J. Evil was agreeable to that; so they set out to find a new homesite.

First, they looked at property near the city dump, but they were discouraged to see there was a Dump Beautification Project in progress. Shade trees were growing among piles of old tin cans, and petunias were blooming on ash heaps. Morning-glory vines were twining in and out of old bedsprings, and everywhere was the scent of roses.

"Oh, no!" shuddered Goonda. "They have spoiled our beautiful dump! I could never stand to live near it now!"

"Neither could I!" agreed J. Evil. "And, we better get out of here! The smell of those

flowers is making your face turn an ugly, healthy pink color!"

They drove through other parts of town, but every neighborhood they visited seemed to have something good about it — which was bad for their tastes.

After many fruitless hours, Goonda and J. Evil decided to give up.

"Let's face it," said J. Evil, wearily, "we'll never find another neighborhood as bad as ours used to be."

"I think you are right," sighed Goonda. "Do you remember the first night we spent in our old, miserable house?"

"How can I forget it?" smiled J. Evil. "There was the loveliest thunderstorm; and to make it all completely and wonderfully awful, we had earthquakes and fog for two weeks afterward! What glorious memories!"

"Stop it!" choked Goonda. "I think I am going to cry! Oh, if we could only relive that experience just once more."

"And why not?" exclaimed J. Evil. "I've got a little machine in my lab that can whip up a mean thunderstorm, and with a few adjustments I'll be able to add some fog and an earthquake or two!"

They hurried home, and J. Evil got busy. Shortly, everything was ready, and with a gleeful beam in his eye, J. Evil pressed a button and stepped back.

"One thunderstorm coming up!" he cried. "Followed by earthquakes and fog!"

In short order the skies darkened, the lightning flashed, thunder roared, and the rain came down in torrents. The earth shook, making every timber in the old house creak and groan. Soon after, a clammy, choking fog closed in.

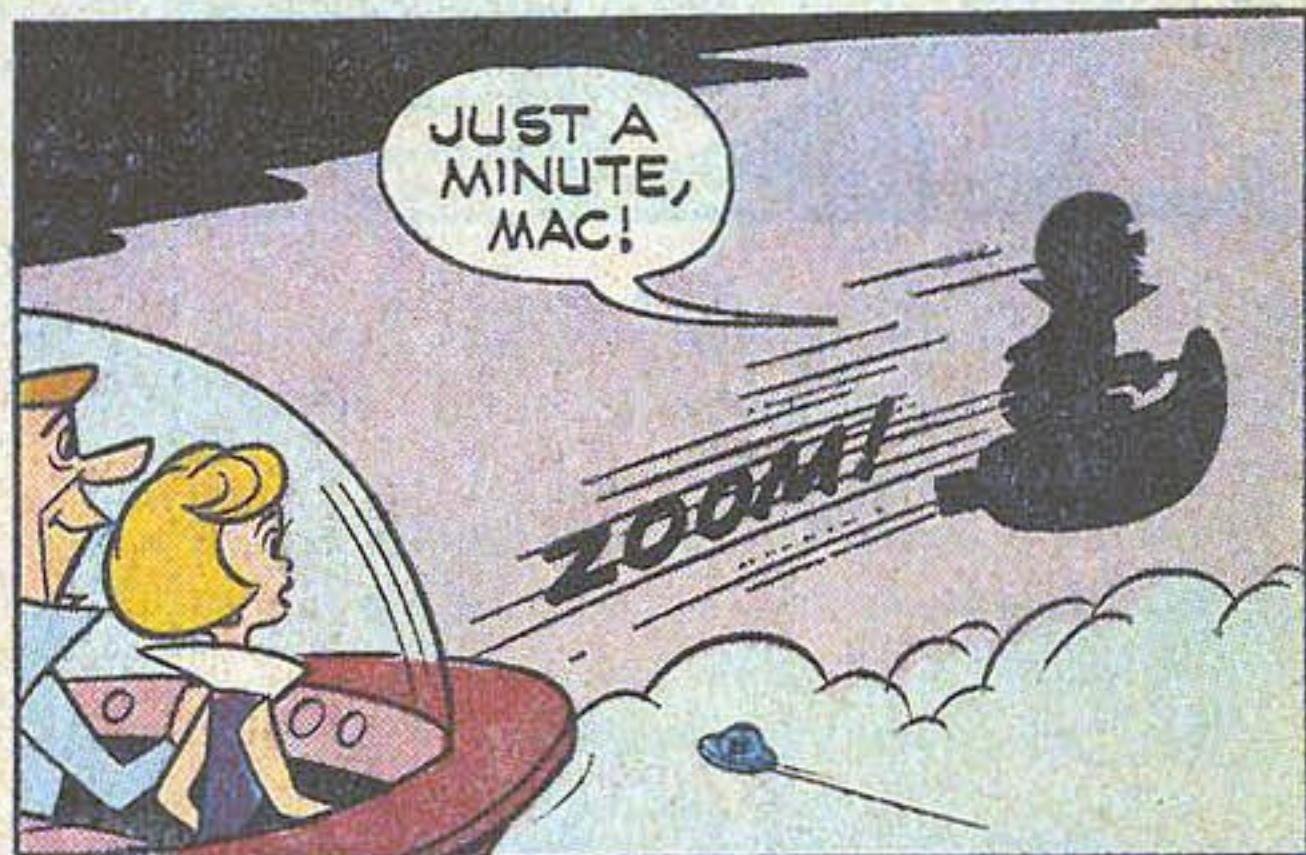
"This is wonderful!" gushed Goonda. "I haven't been so happily unhappy in ages!"

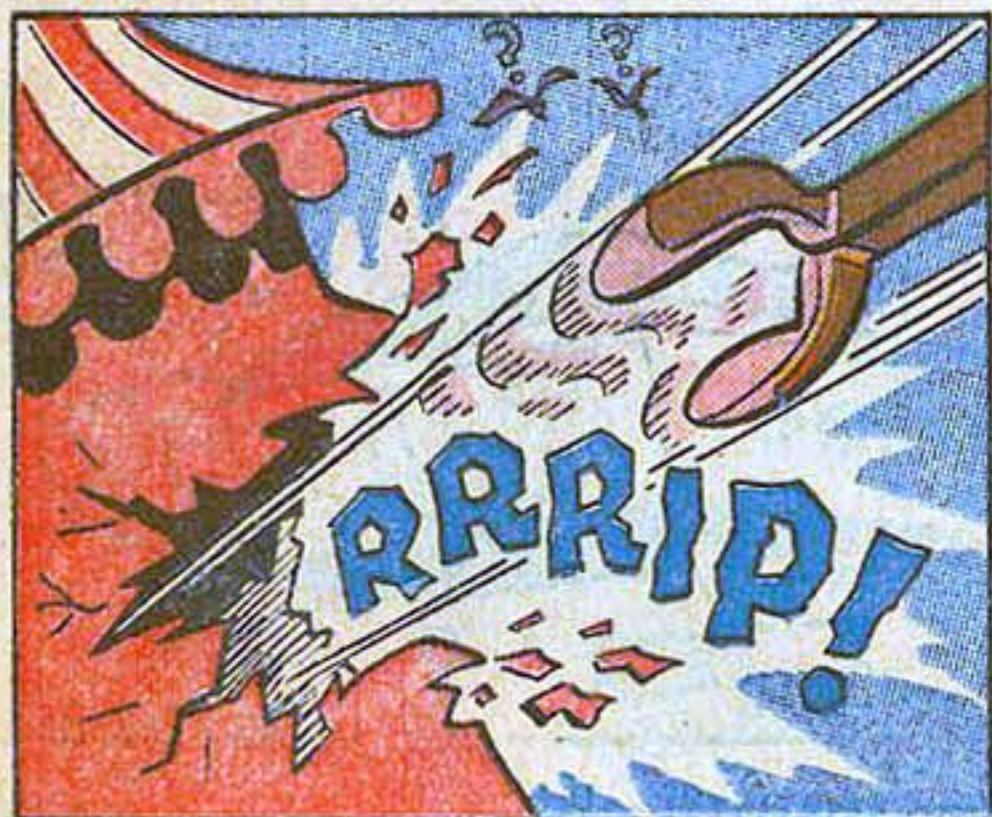
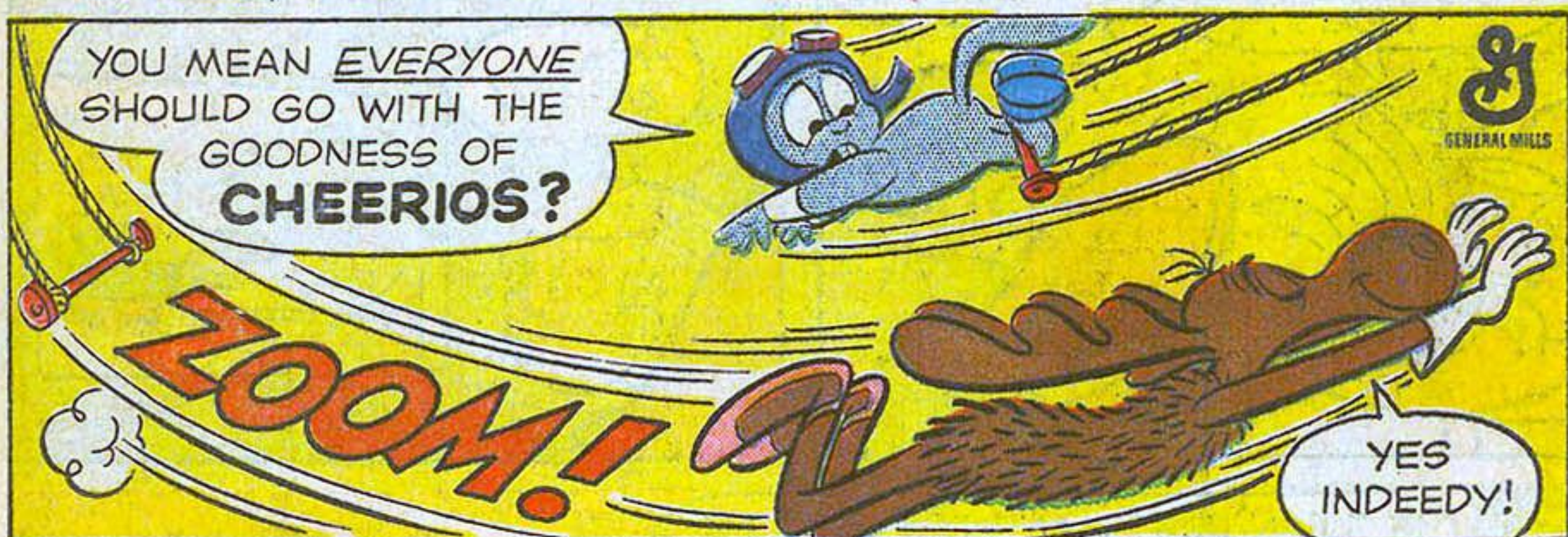
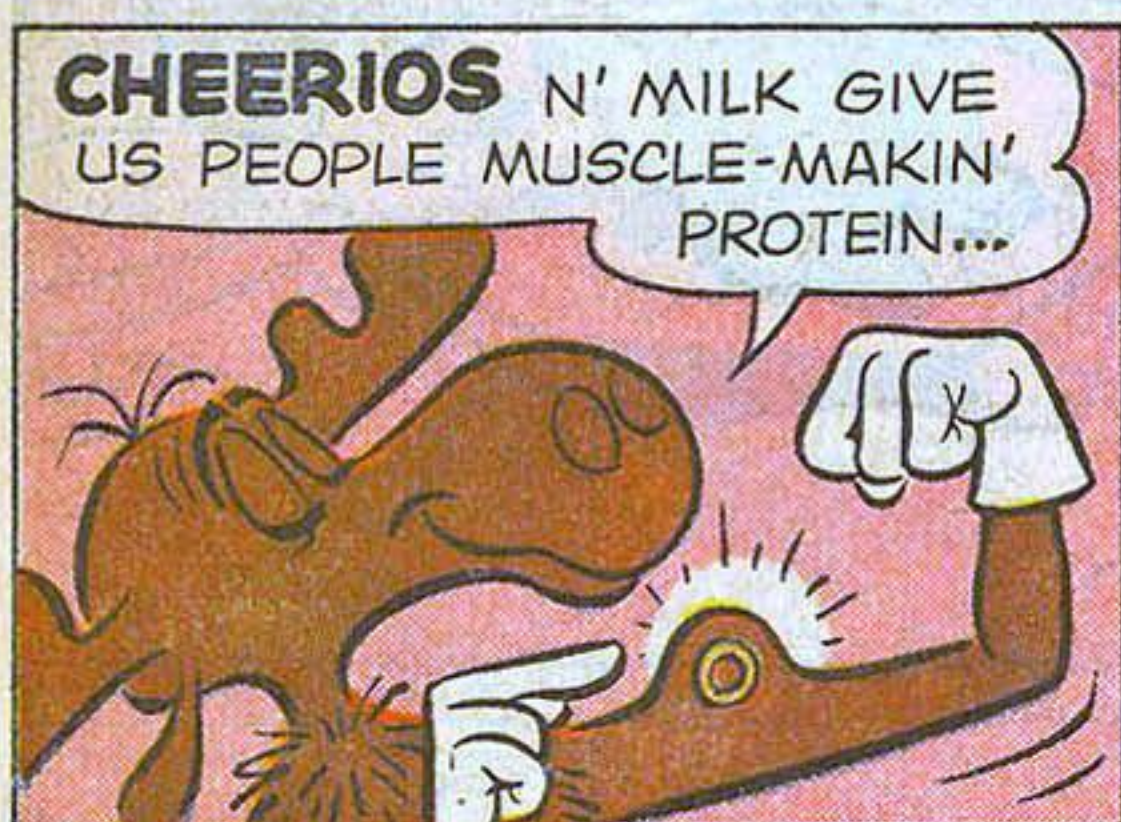
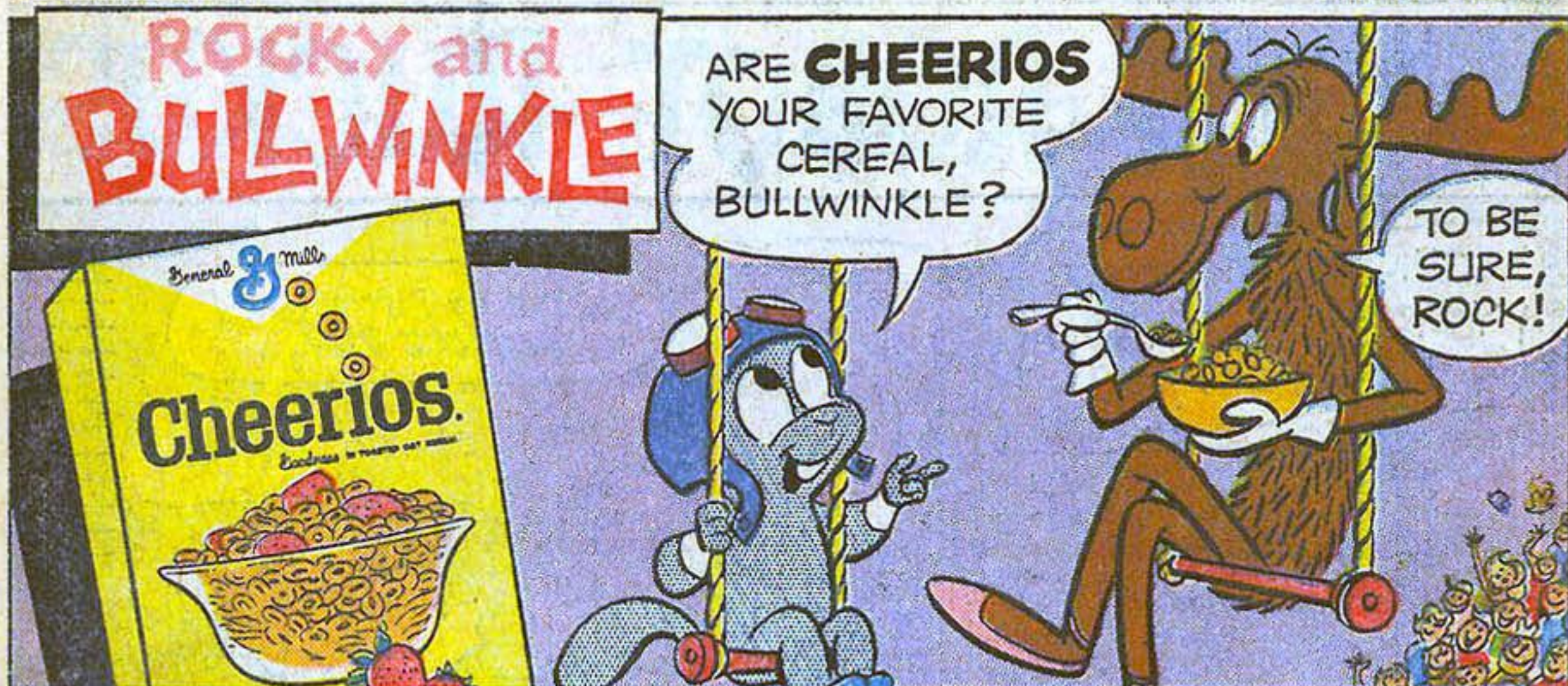
The next day Goonda looked out of the window and gasped. "Look!" she cried. "The people who were building those new houses are leaving!"

Sure enough, the builders were packing their tools and materials. A big sign was being erected on the site. It read: DUE TO CIRCUMSTANCES BEYOND OUR CONTROL, THIS PROJECT IS BEING ABANDONED!

"Hmmm!" mused J. Evil. "Real people sure are funny. I wonder what on earth made them change their minds so suddenly!"

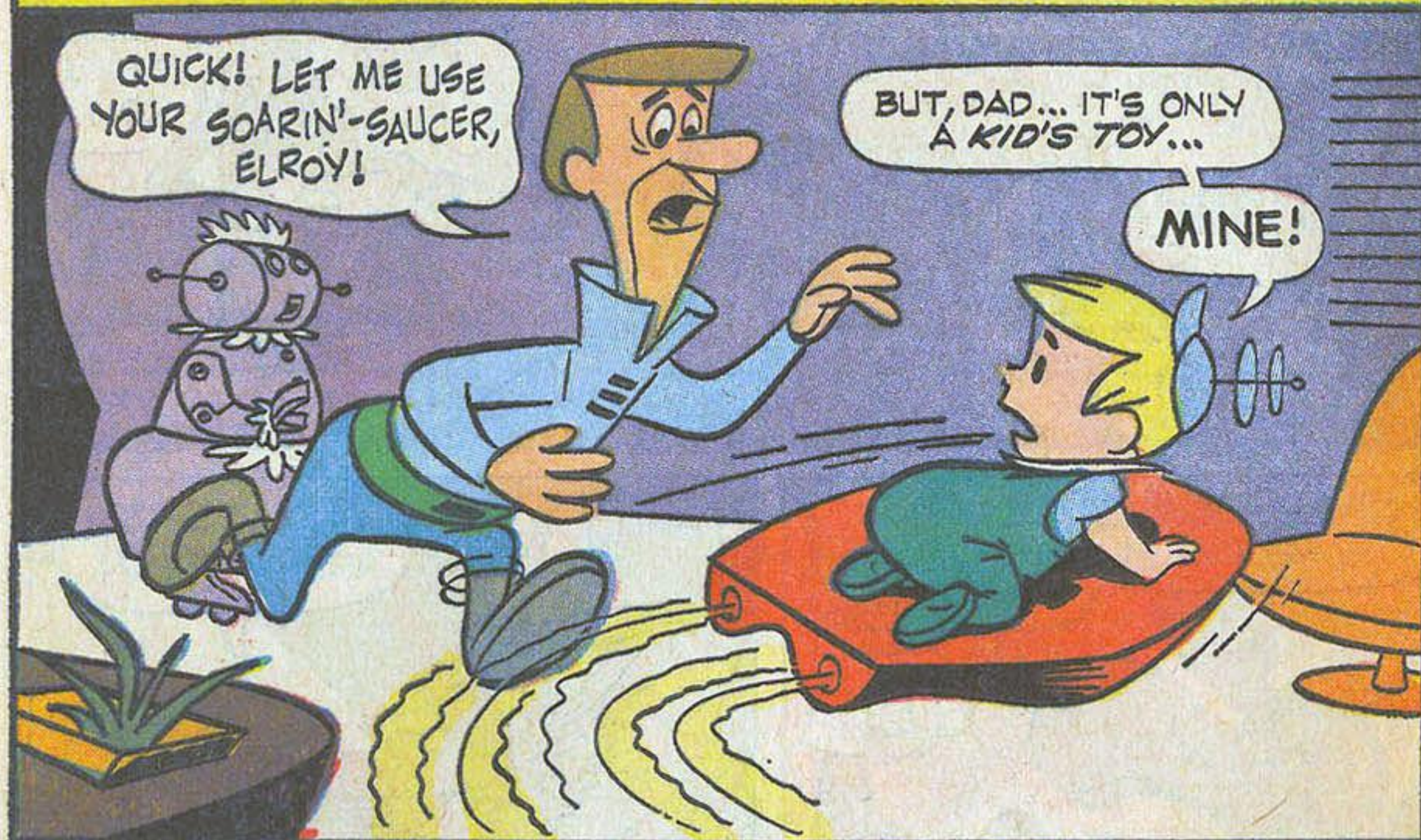
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The JETSONS





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The **JETSONS**

ROBOT RUCKUS





WELL, HE'S A SUCCESS... AND AT THE BOTTOM OF THE HEAP AT THE SAME TIME!



(WHEW!) HERE IT IS... SAFE AND SOUND AND ONLY SLIGHTLY SOILED!



WHAT IS IT, DAD?

IT'S MY OLD HIGH SCHOOL SWEATER... AND IT HAS A LOT OF *SENTIMENT* ATTACHED TO IT!



SENTIMENT? LOOKS LIKE AN OLD TIN CAN TO ME!

OOPS! THAT'S FROM THE SCOW!



WELL, HOW DID YOUR SWEATER GET IN THE *TRASH*?

SHH! NOW YOU'VE GONE AND TIPPED OFF *ROSEY* AGAIN!

BEEP! THAT MOTH-BAIT HAS GOT TO GO! BEEP!

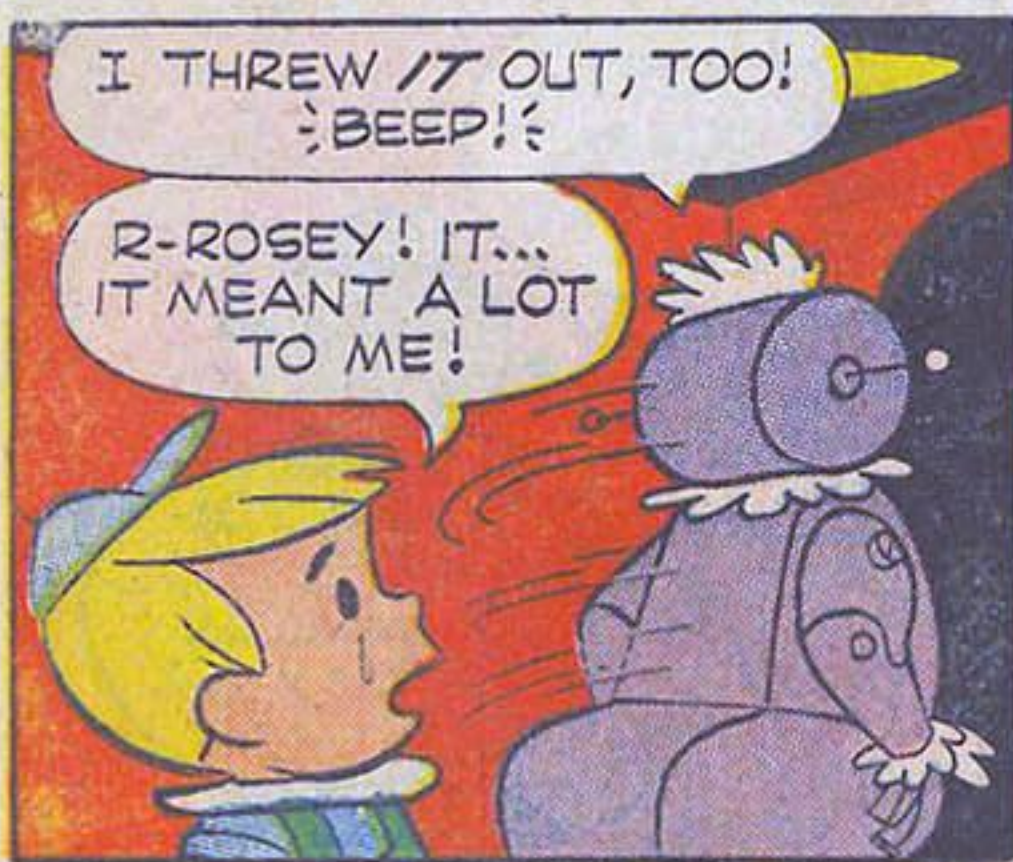
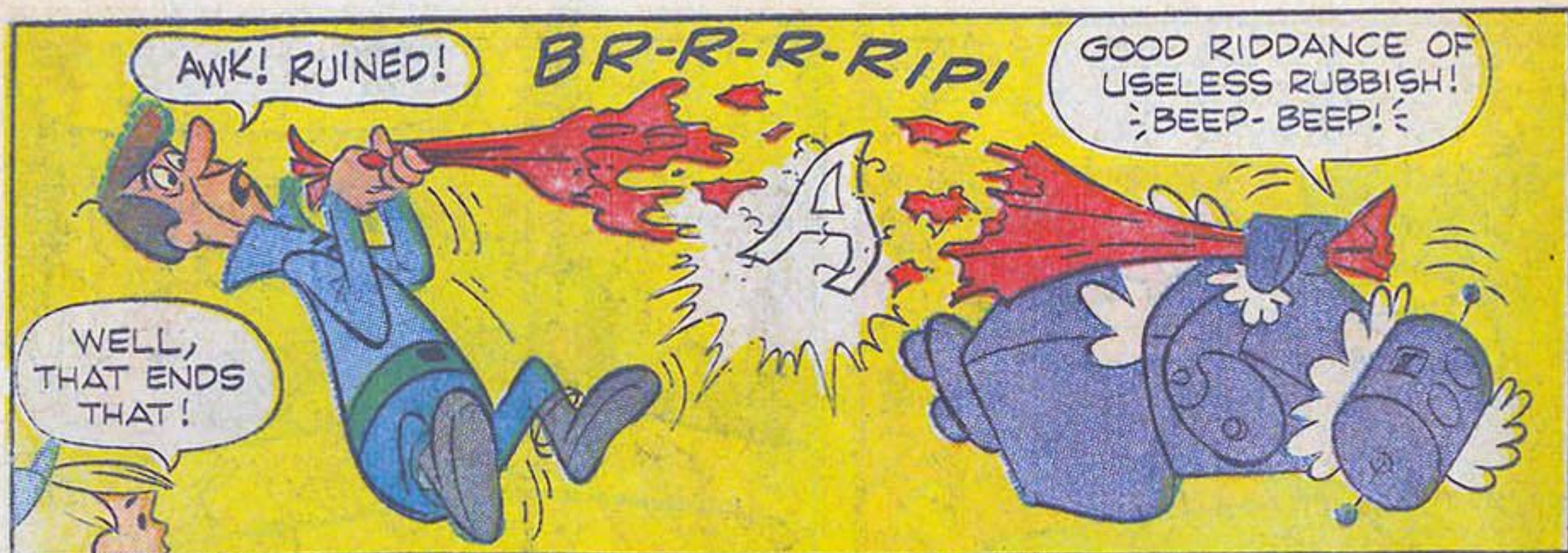


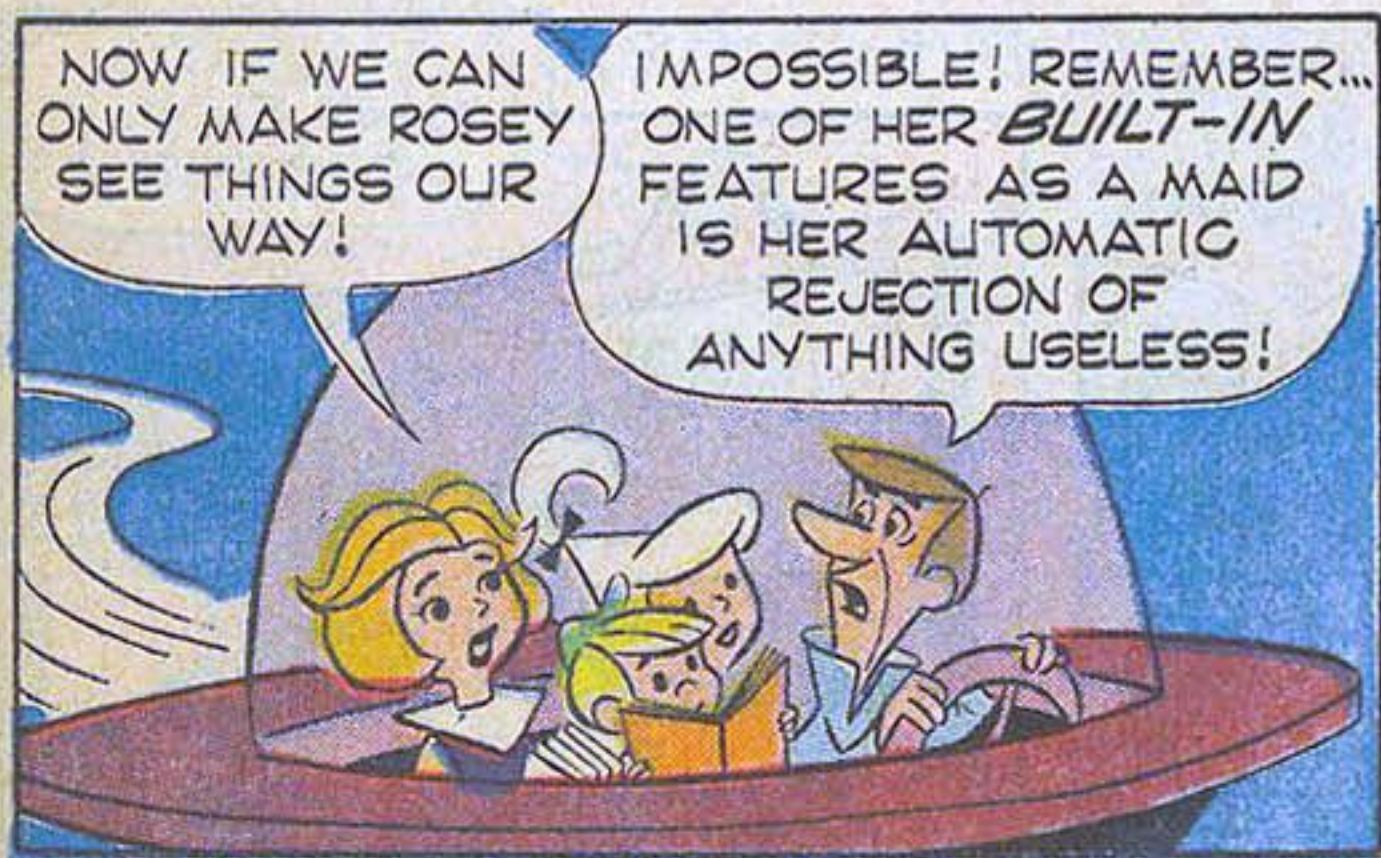
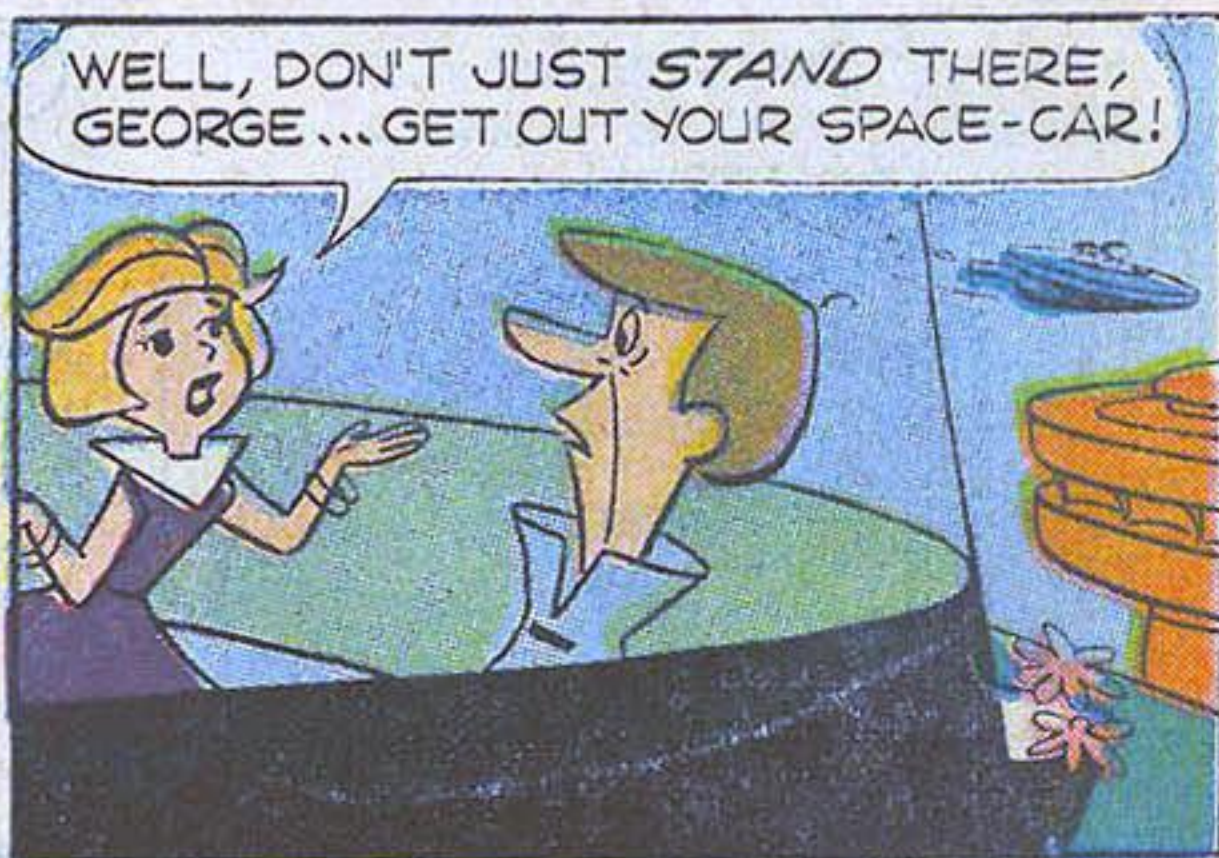
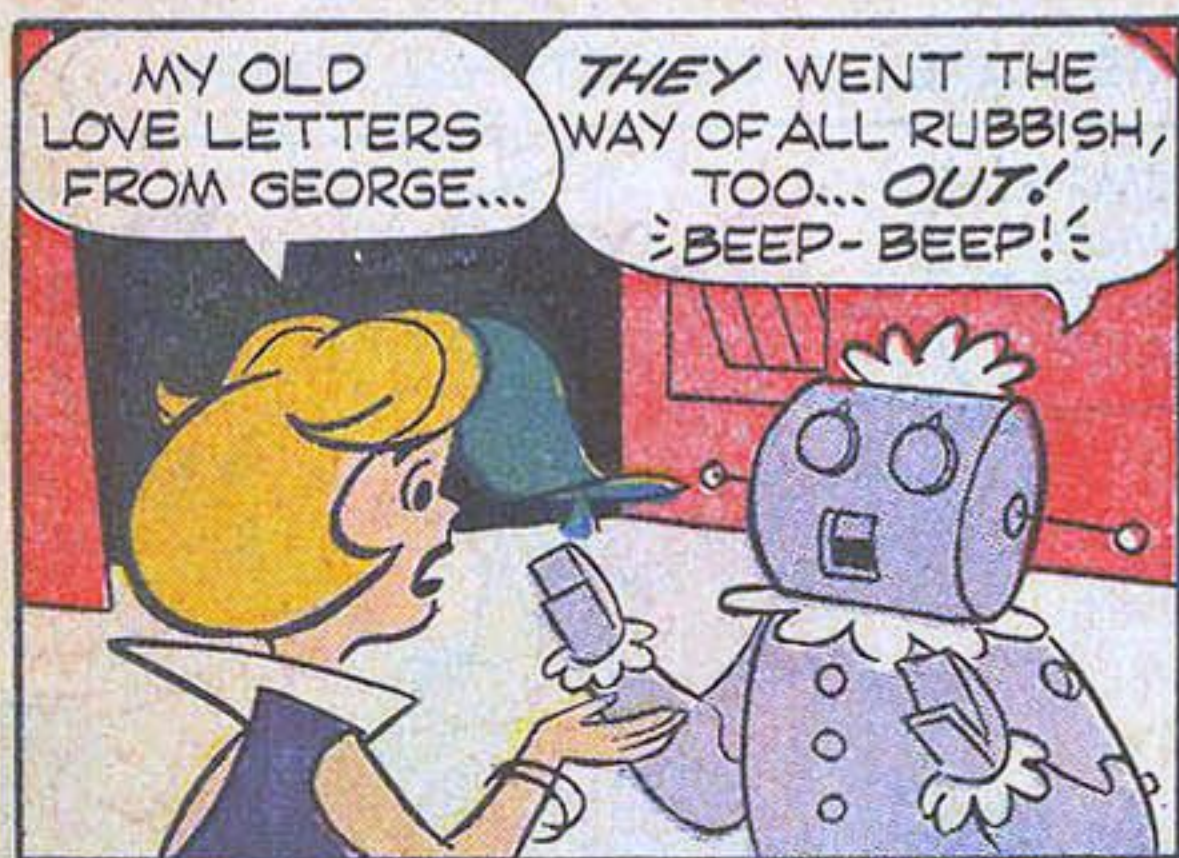
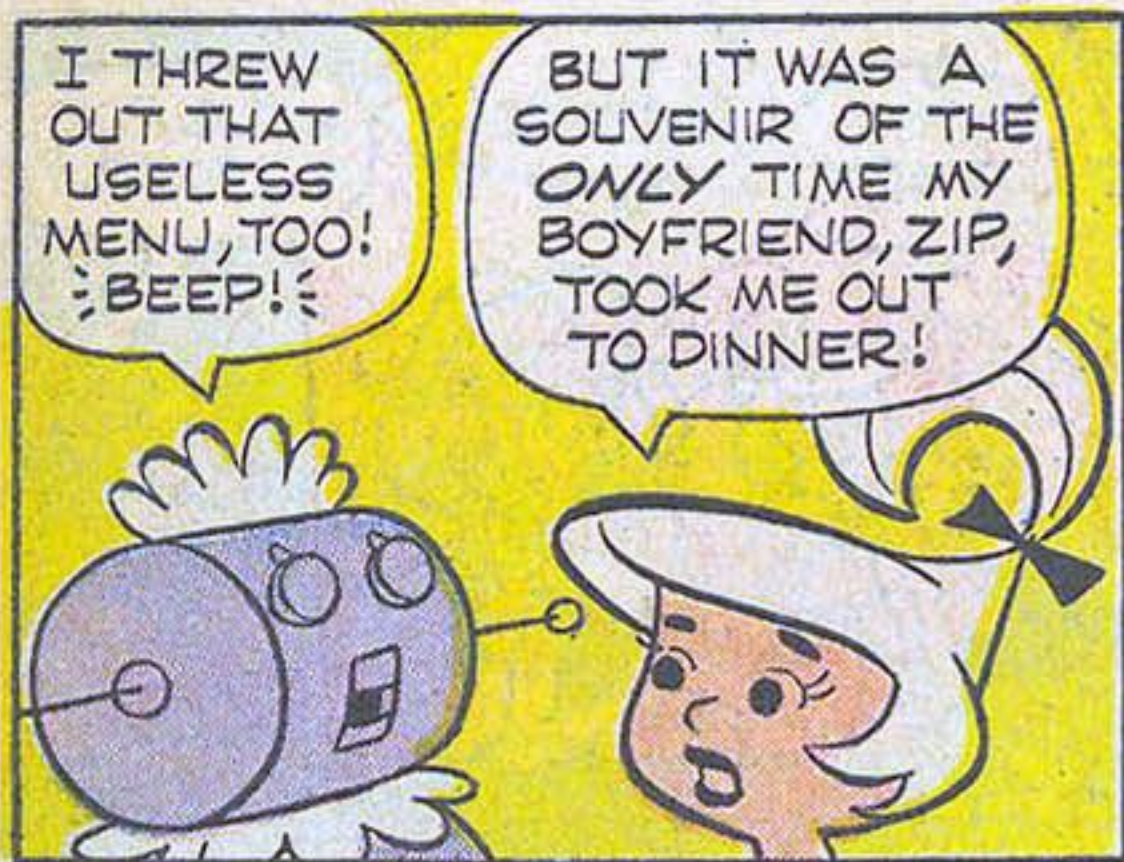
SHE'S SUCH A CONSCIENTIOUS HOUSE-KEEPER THAT SHE THROWS OUT EVERY *USELESS* THING SHE FINDS!

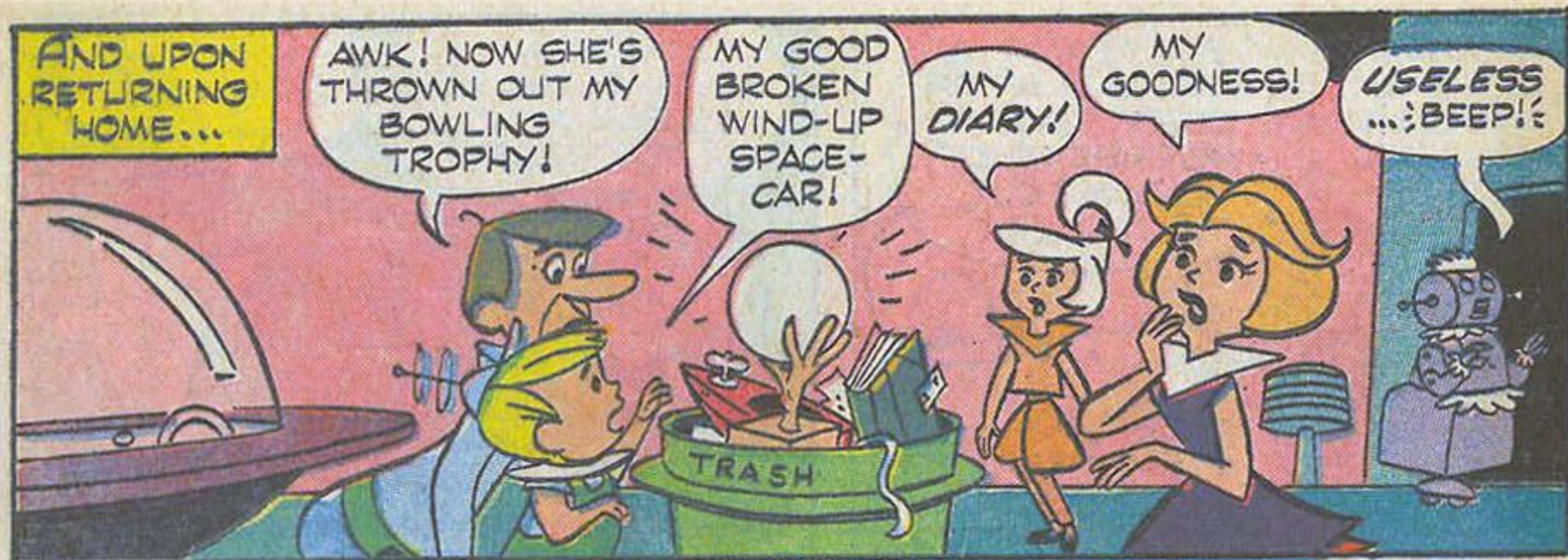


STOP IT, ROSEY... I TREASURE THIS SWEATER FOR *SENTIMENTAL* REASONS!

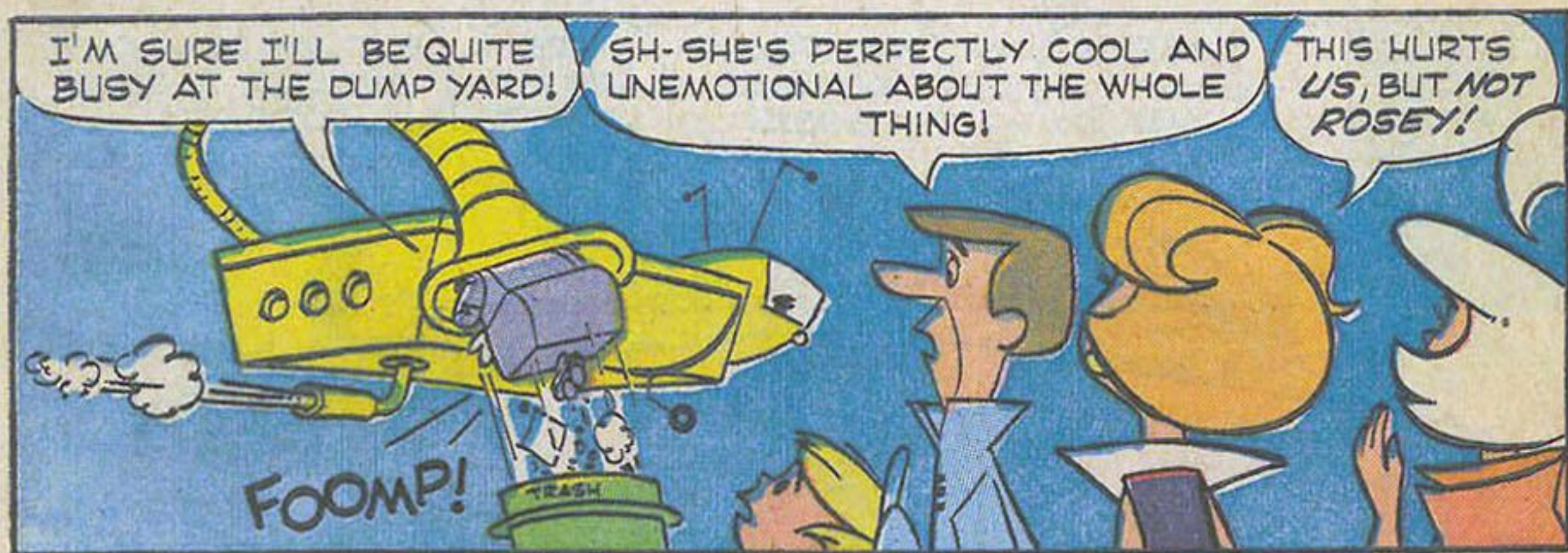
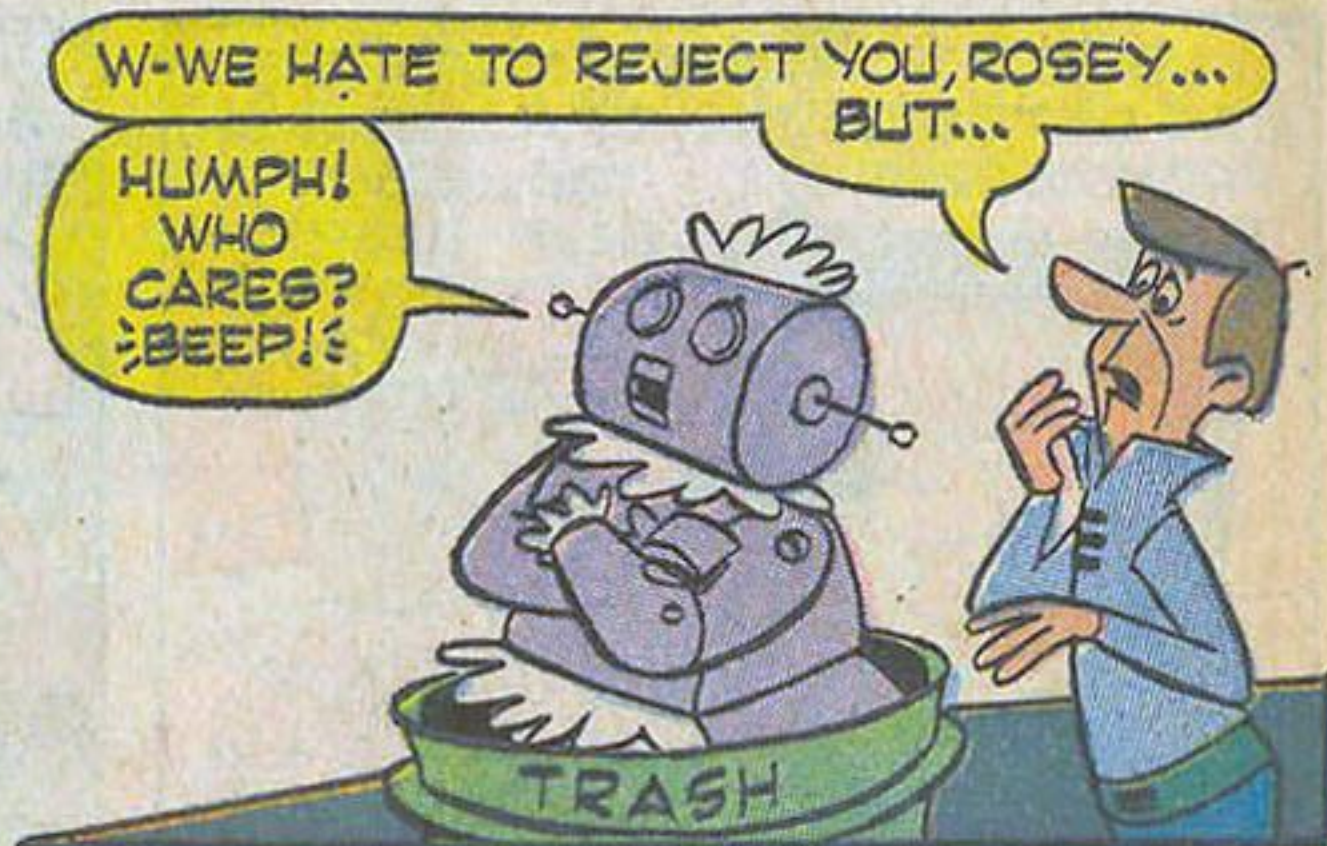
SENTIMENT BEEP! IS A WORD THAT DOESN'T MEAN A THING TO ME! BEEP!

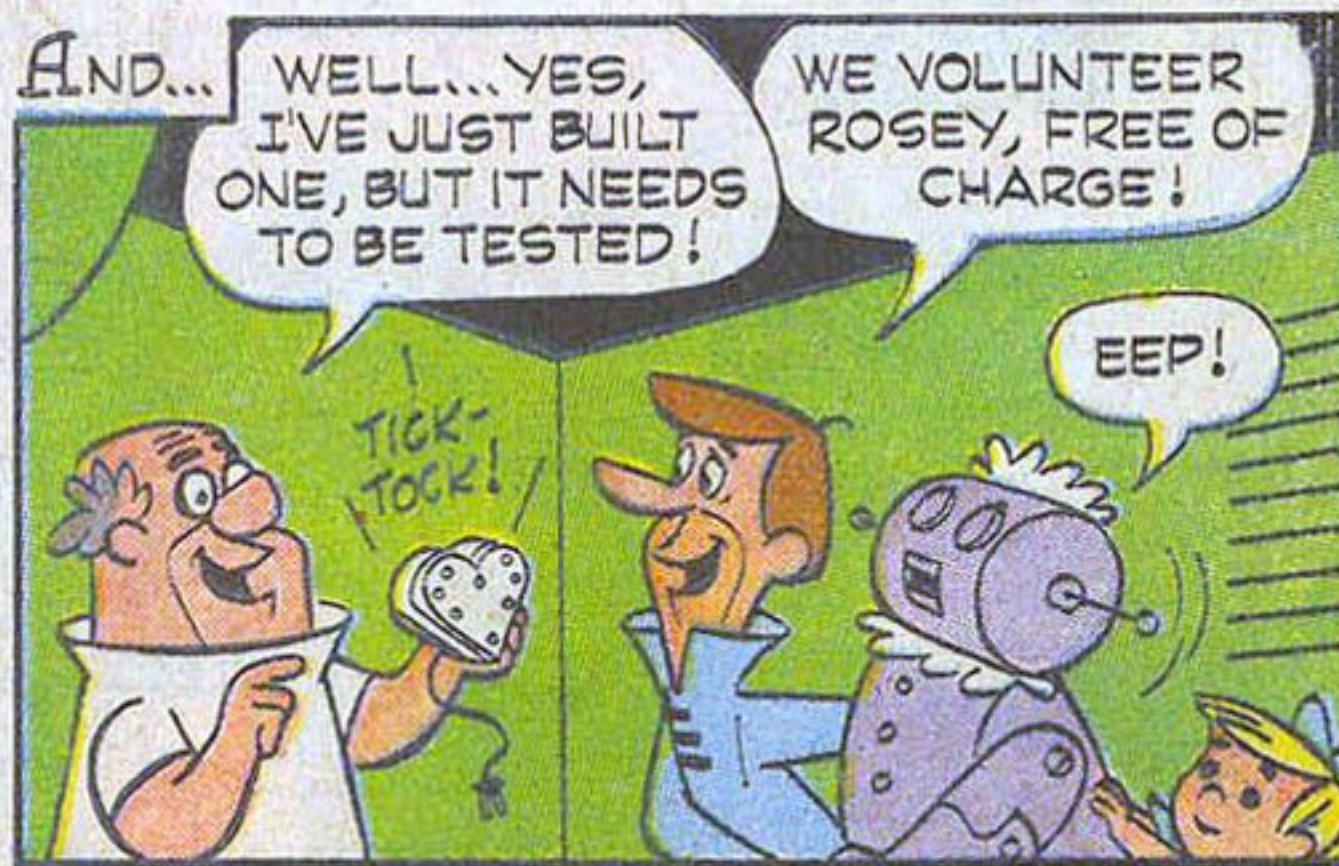
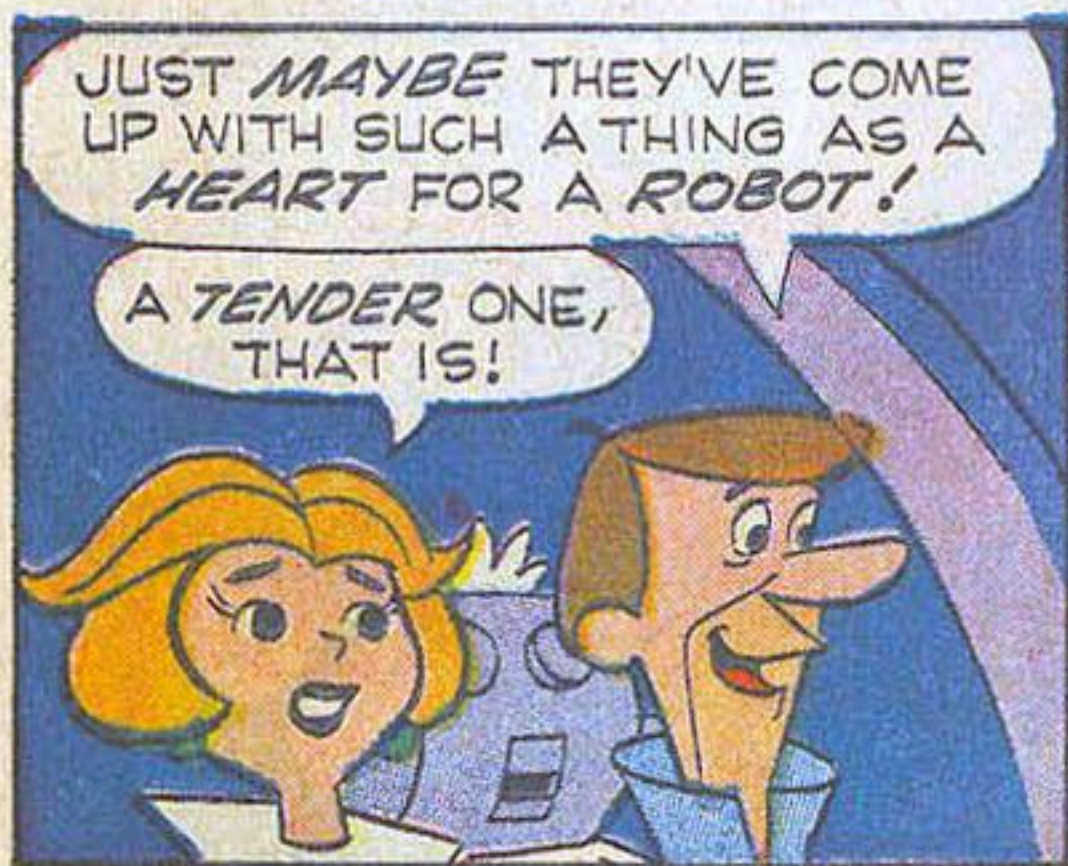
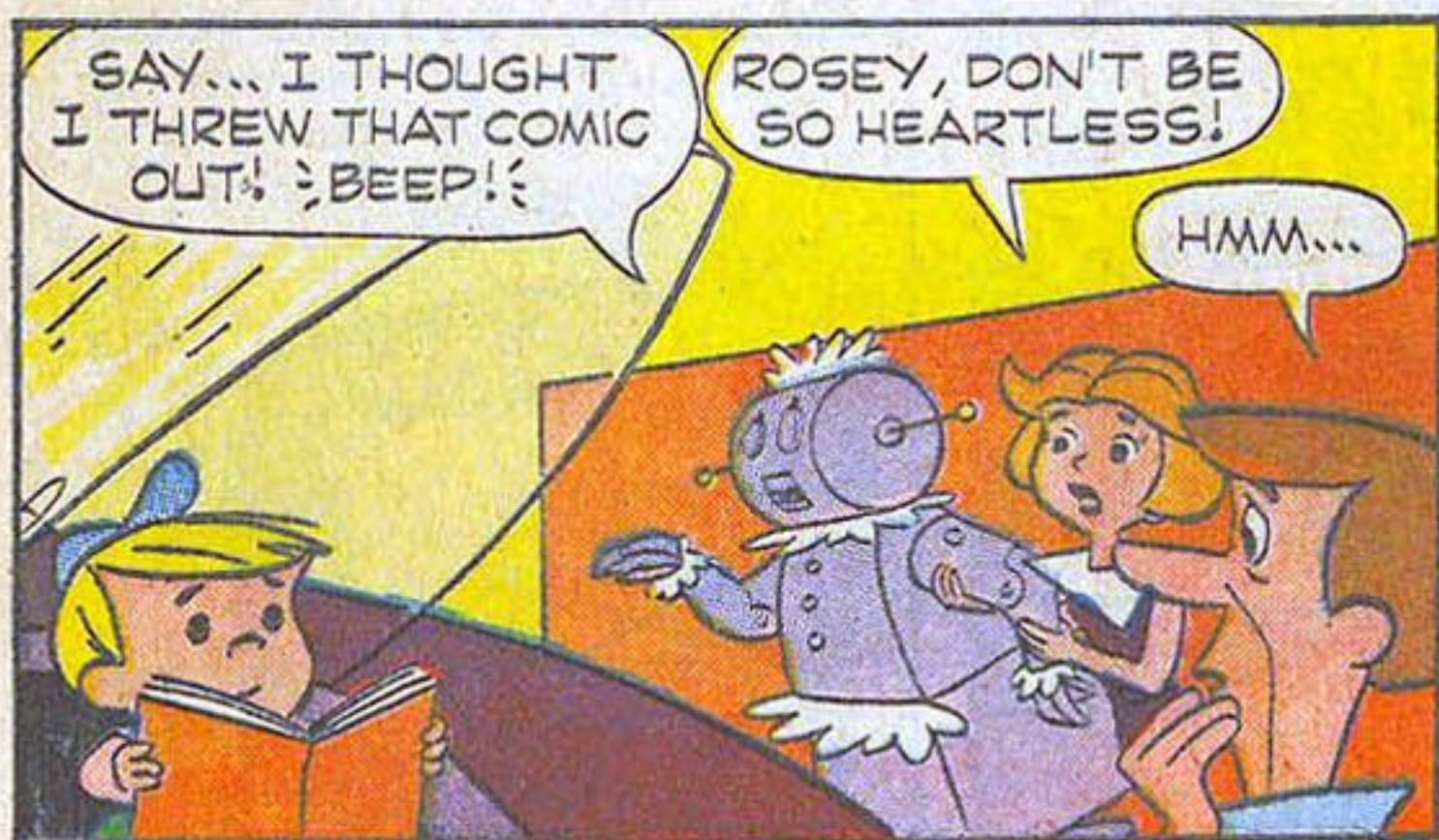
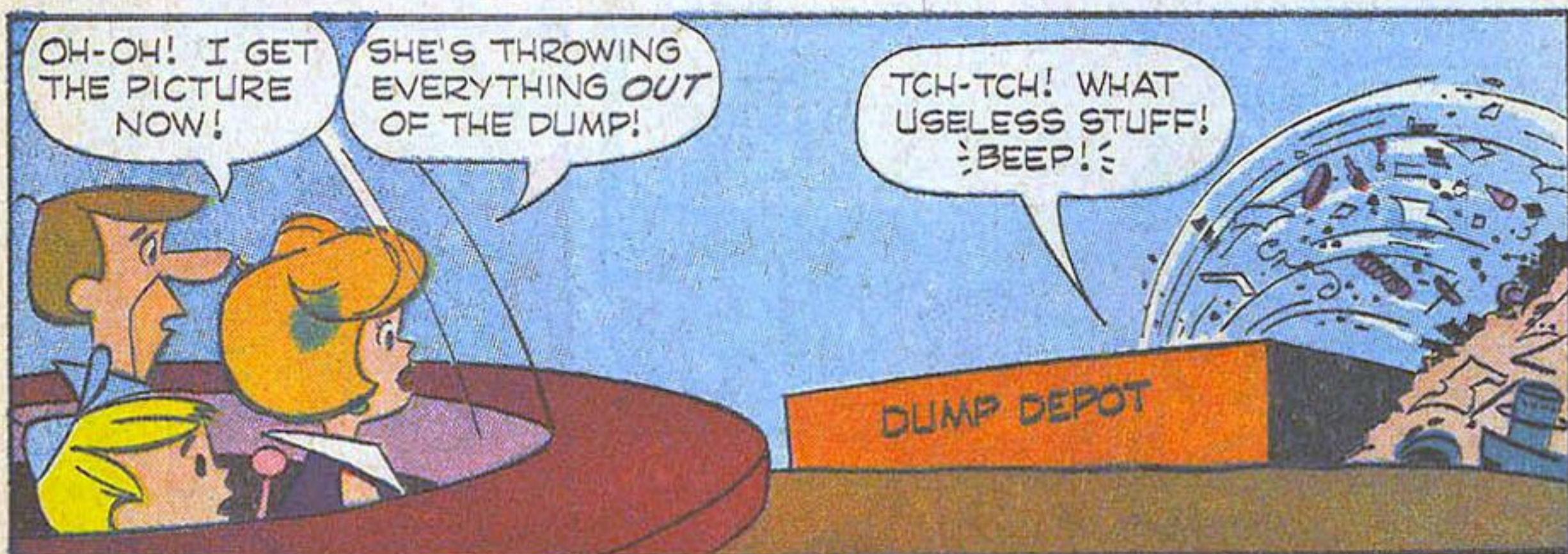
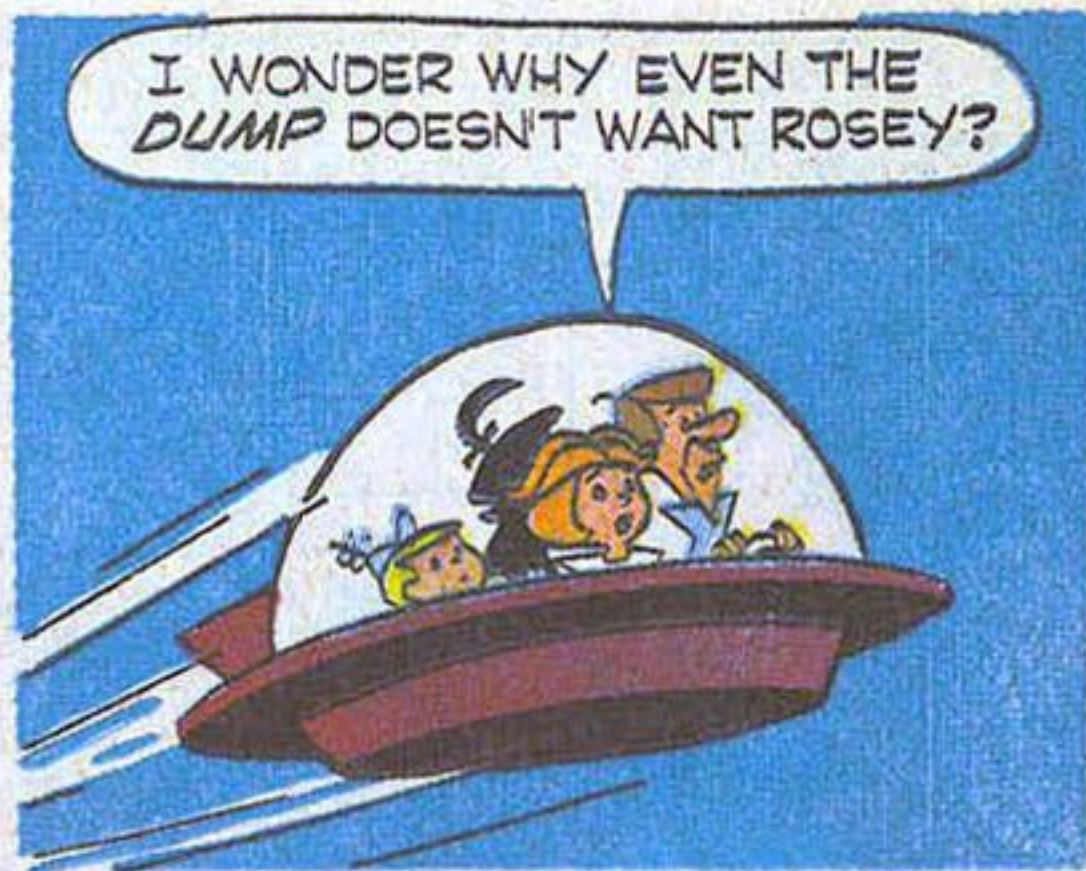


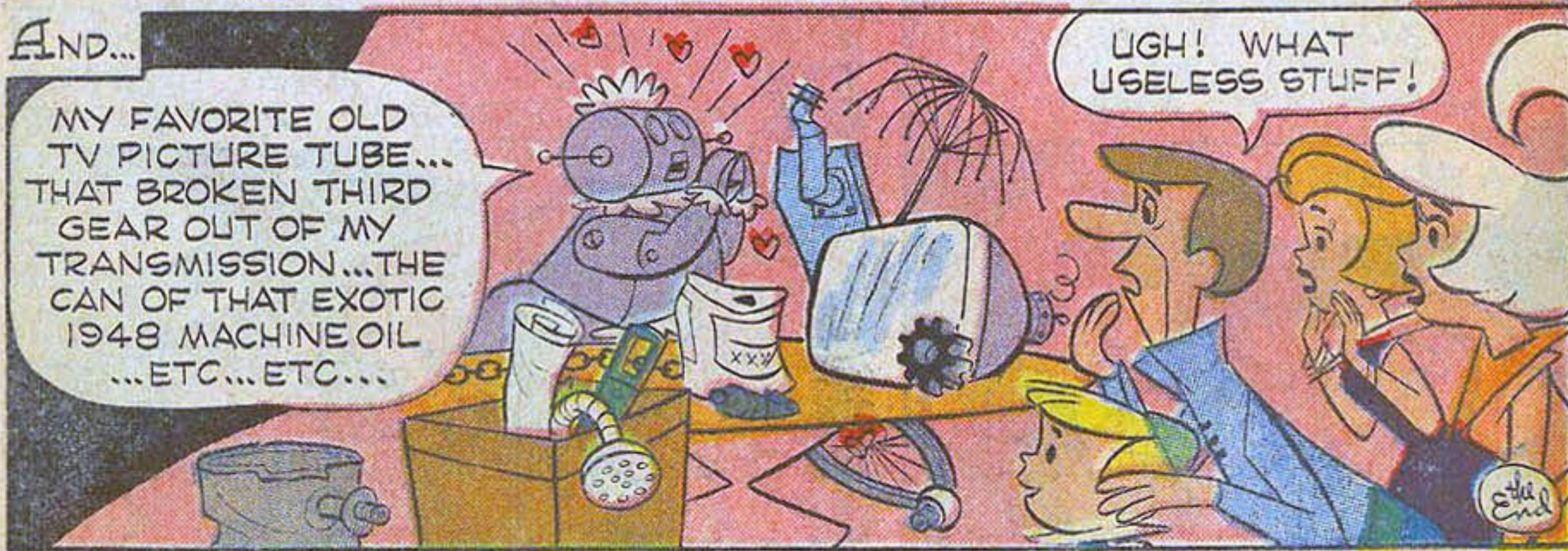
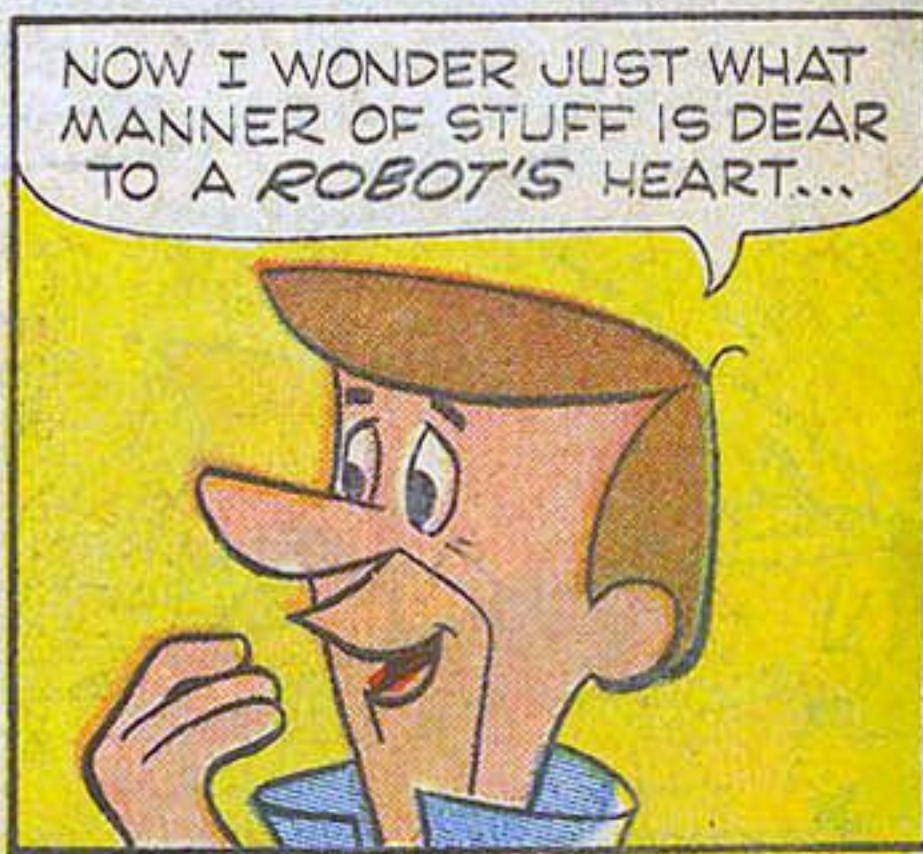
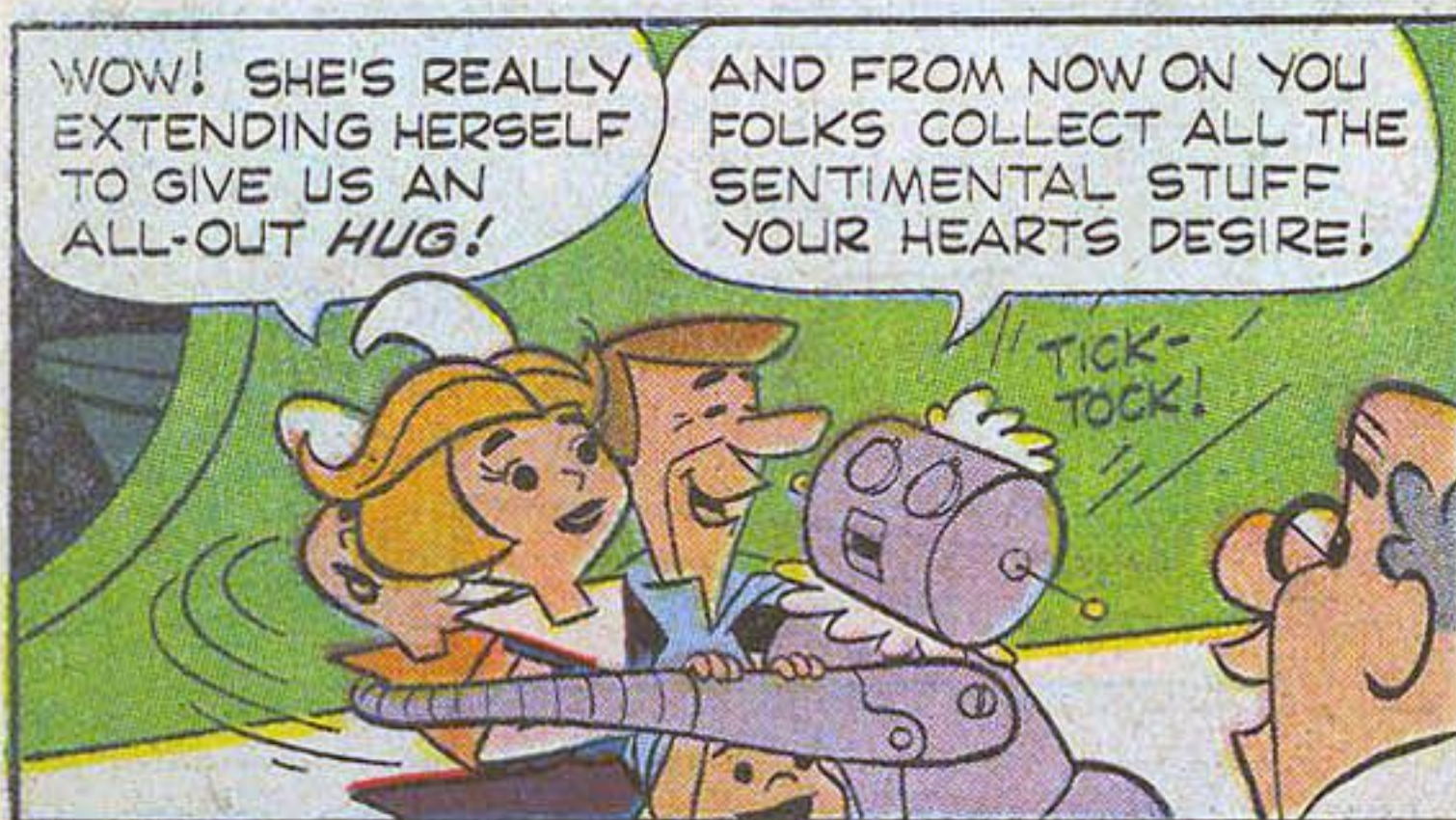
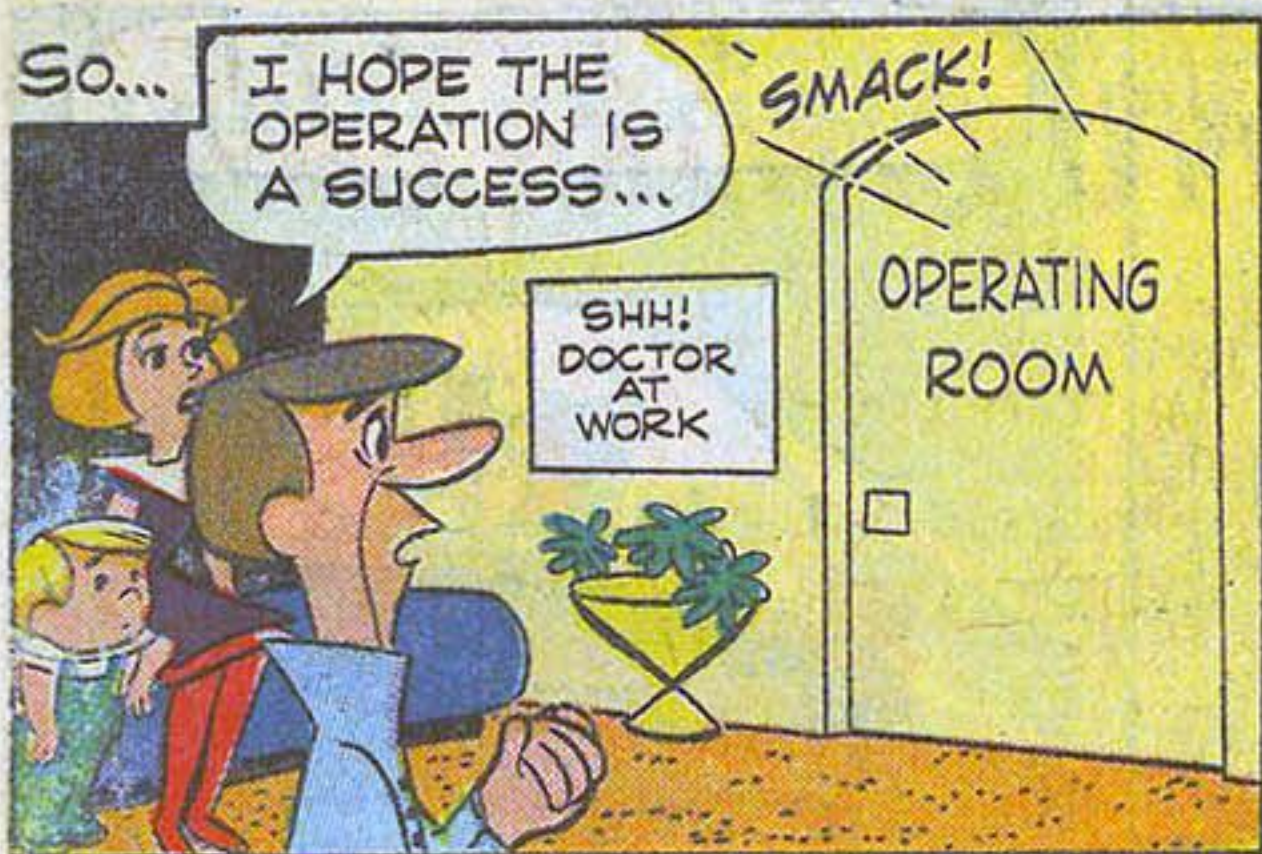




AND SO THE JETSONS ARE FORCED TO MAKE A HARD DECISION...







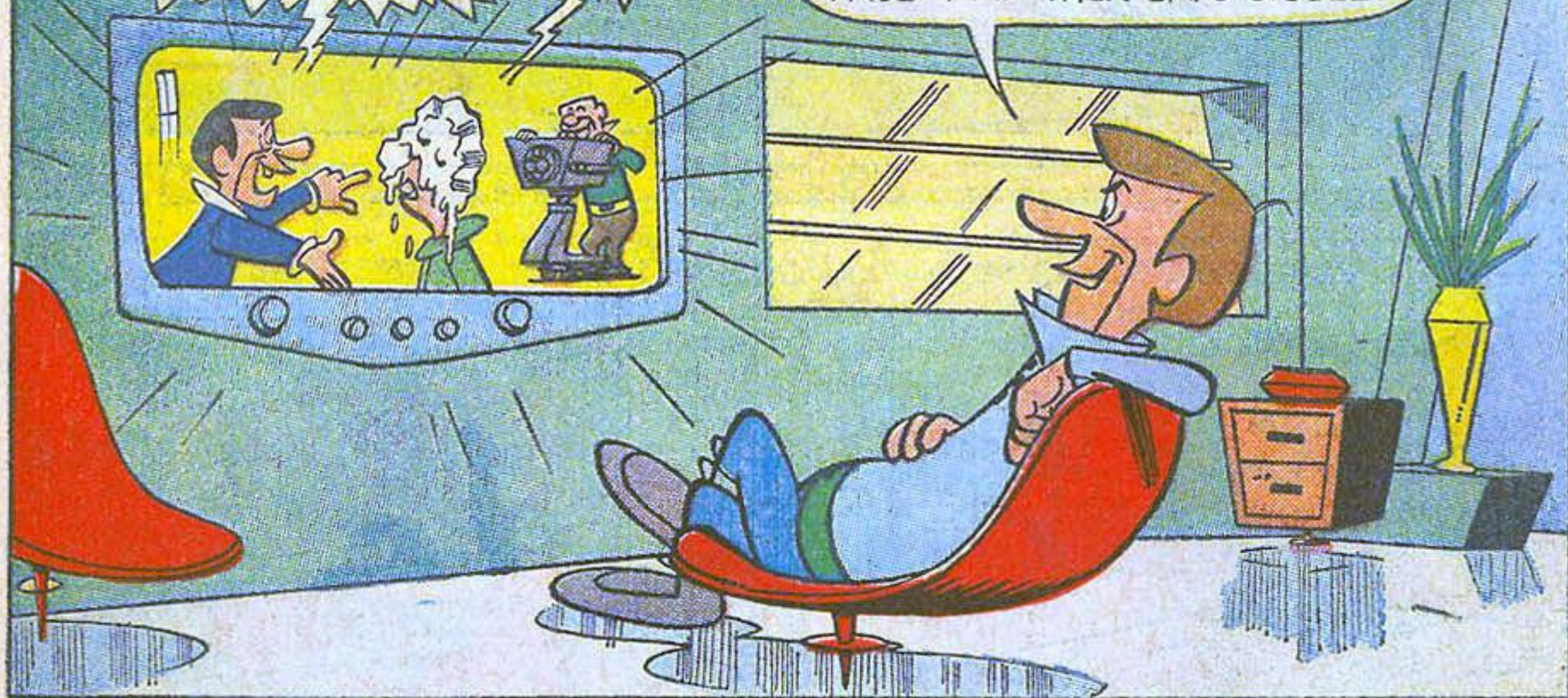
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The **JETSONS**

THE FUNNY CAMERA CAPER

NOW GIGGLE, MR. SMELTZ, YOU ARE ON *FUNNY CAMERA*!

HUH?

HA, HA! THE POOR GUY WALKS INTO A BAKERY AND A CLERK BELTS HIM WITH A PIE IN THE FACE—AND THEN SAYS GIGGLE!



REMEMBER, FOLKS, IT COULD HAPPEN TO YOU—SO GIGGLE, YOU MAY BE ON *FUNNY CAMERA*!

OH, GEORGE, WOULD YOU PLEASE RUN UPTOWN FOR ME?

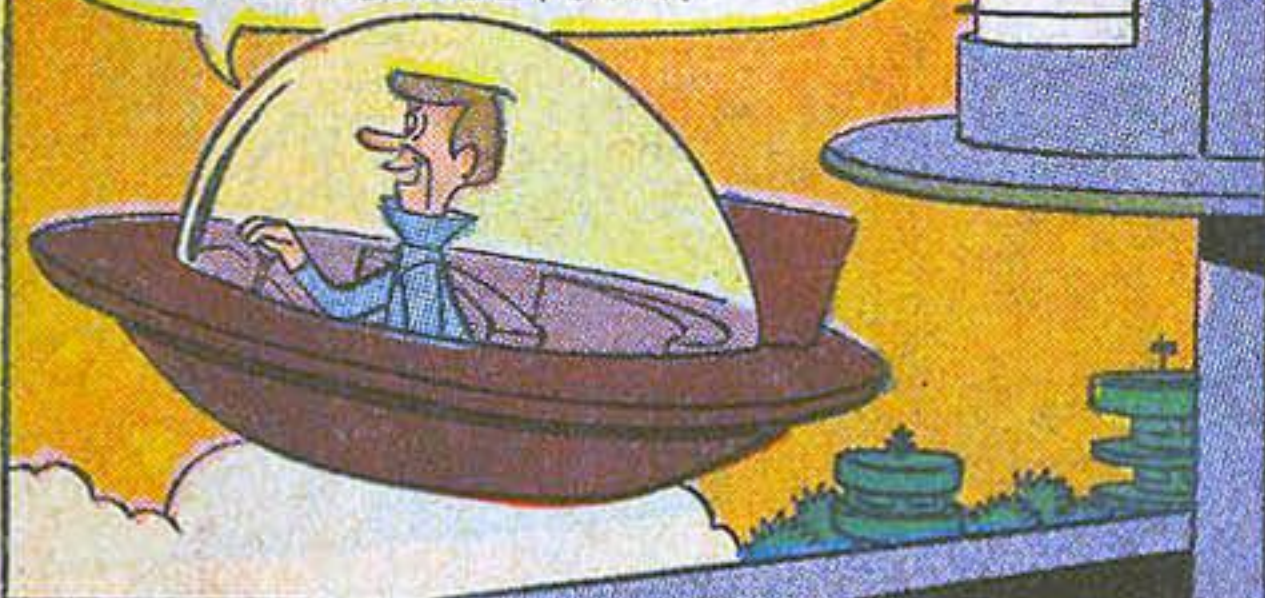


WHY, SURE, DEAR, WHAT DO YOU NEED?

I WANT SOME COSMETICS FROM COMET'S DEPARTMENT STORE! HERE IS THE LIST!

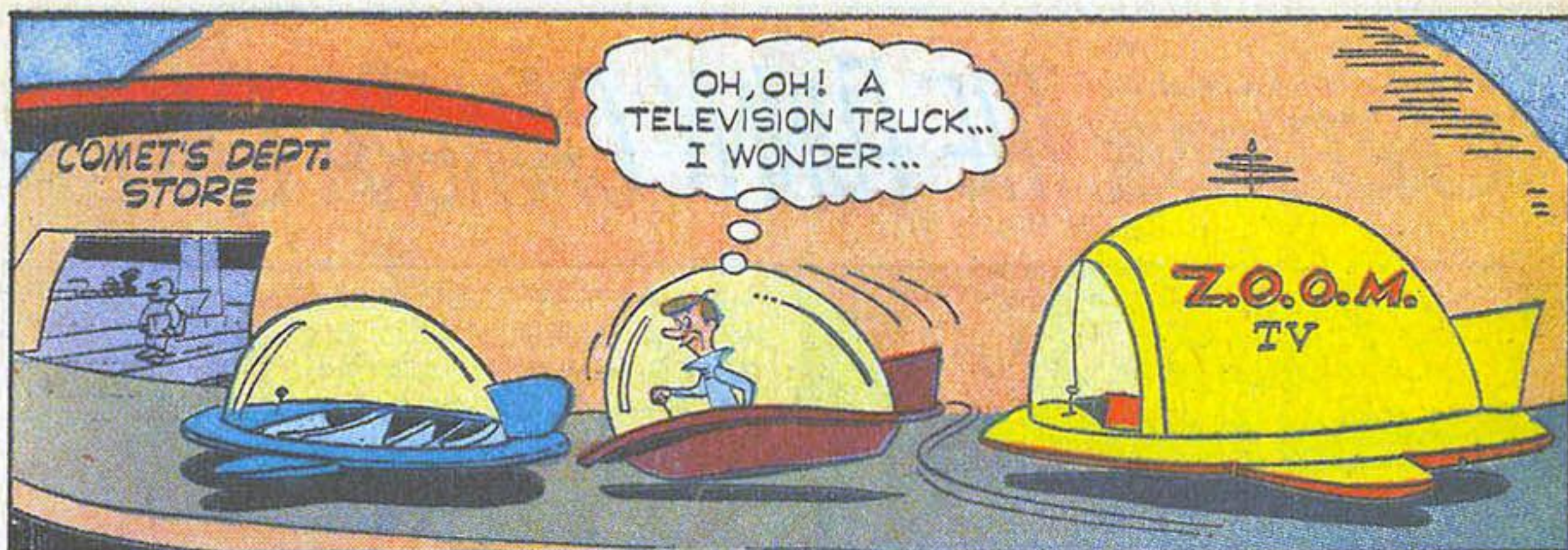


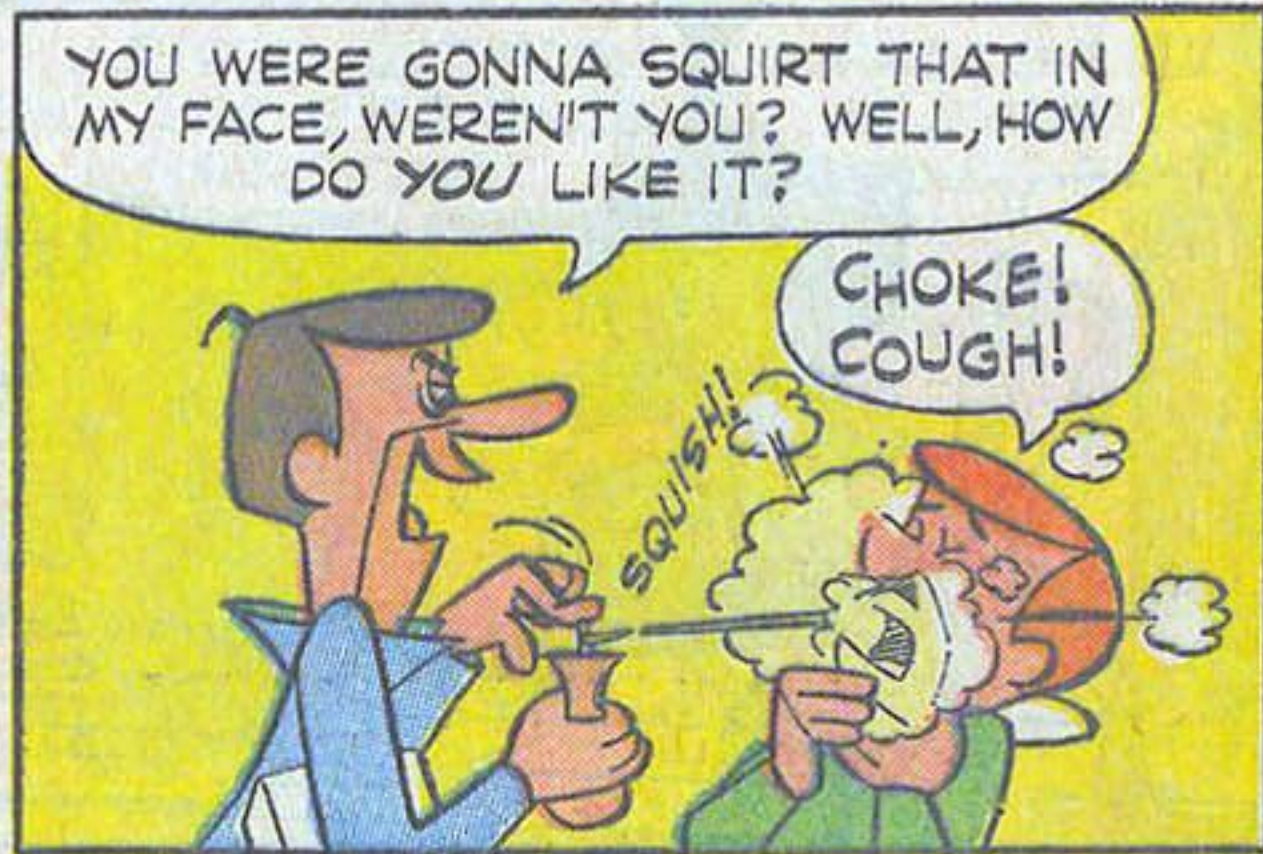
BOY, THAT FUNNY CAMERA BUNCH HAD BETTER NOT TRY ANY OF THAT JAZZ ON OLD GEORGE JETSON!



WHAT THAT SHOW NEEDS IS SOMEONE TO TURN THE TABLES ON THEM, AND SEE IF *THEY* CAN GIGGLE!



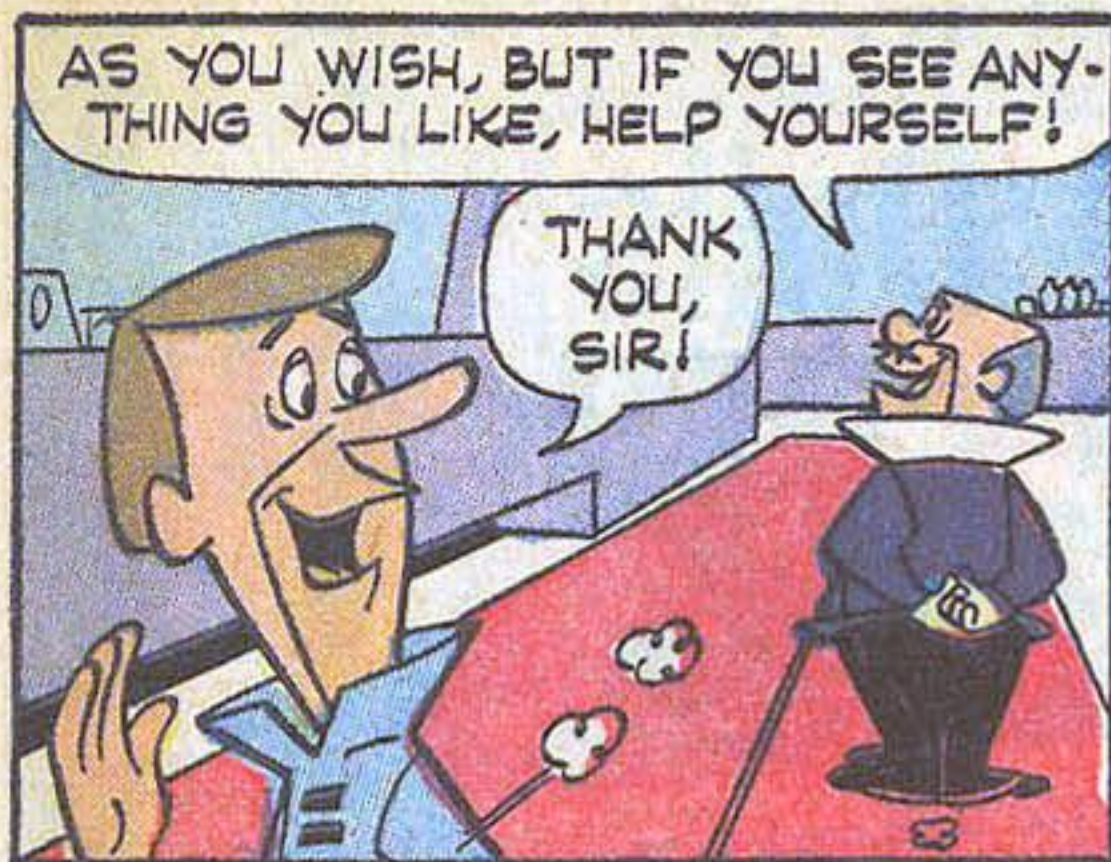


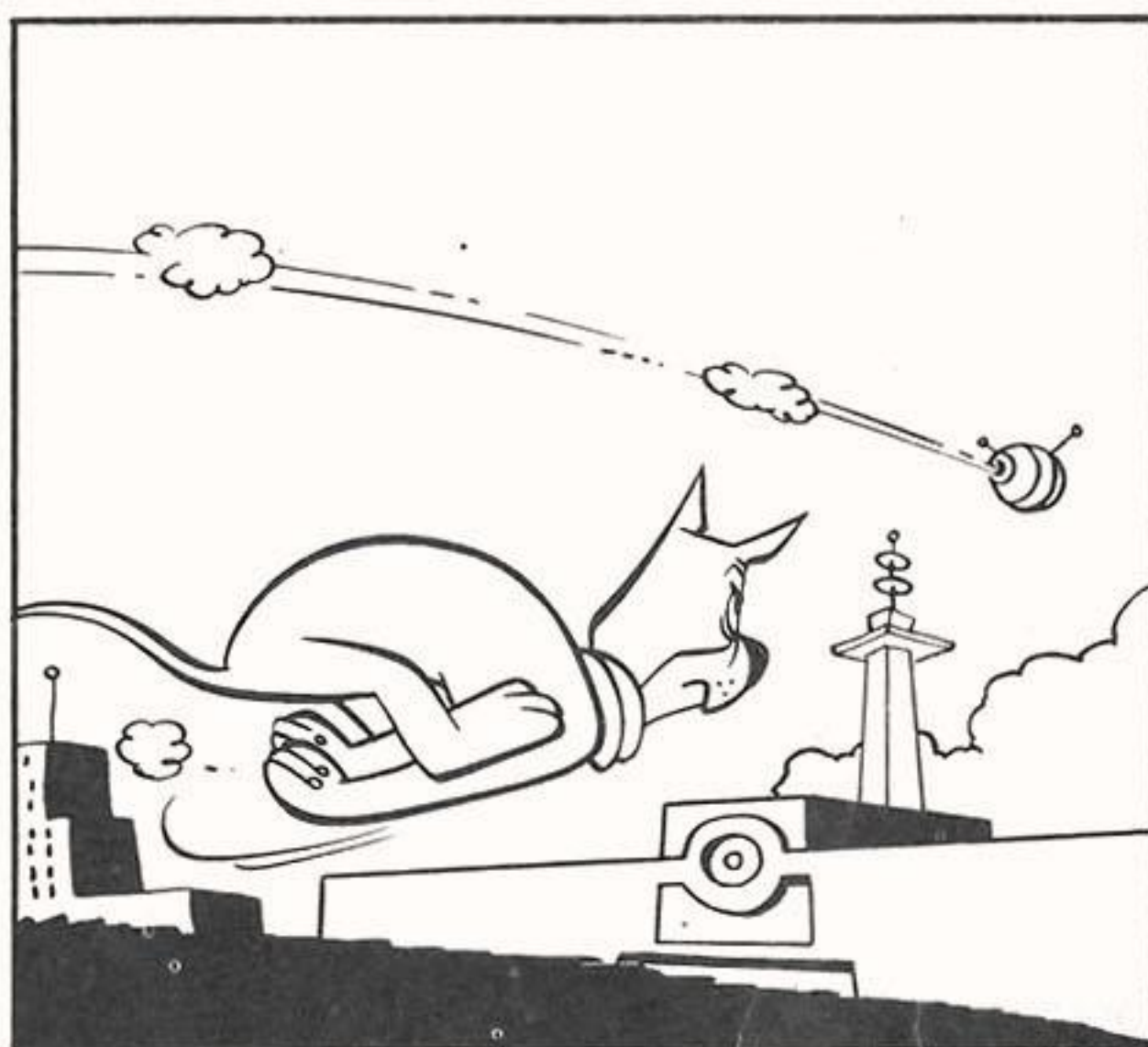
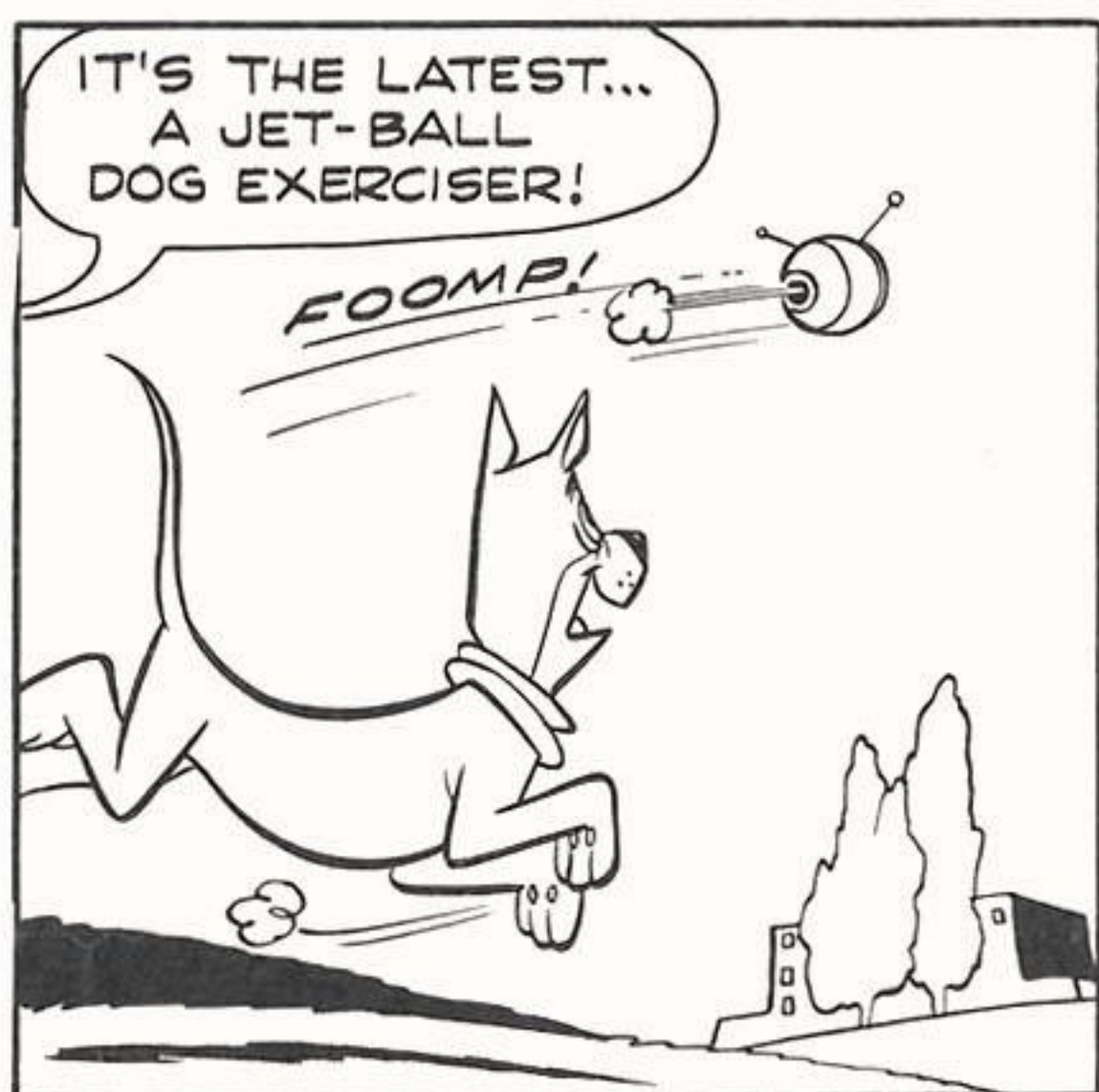


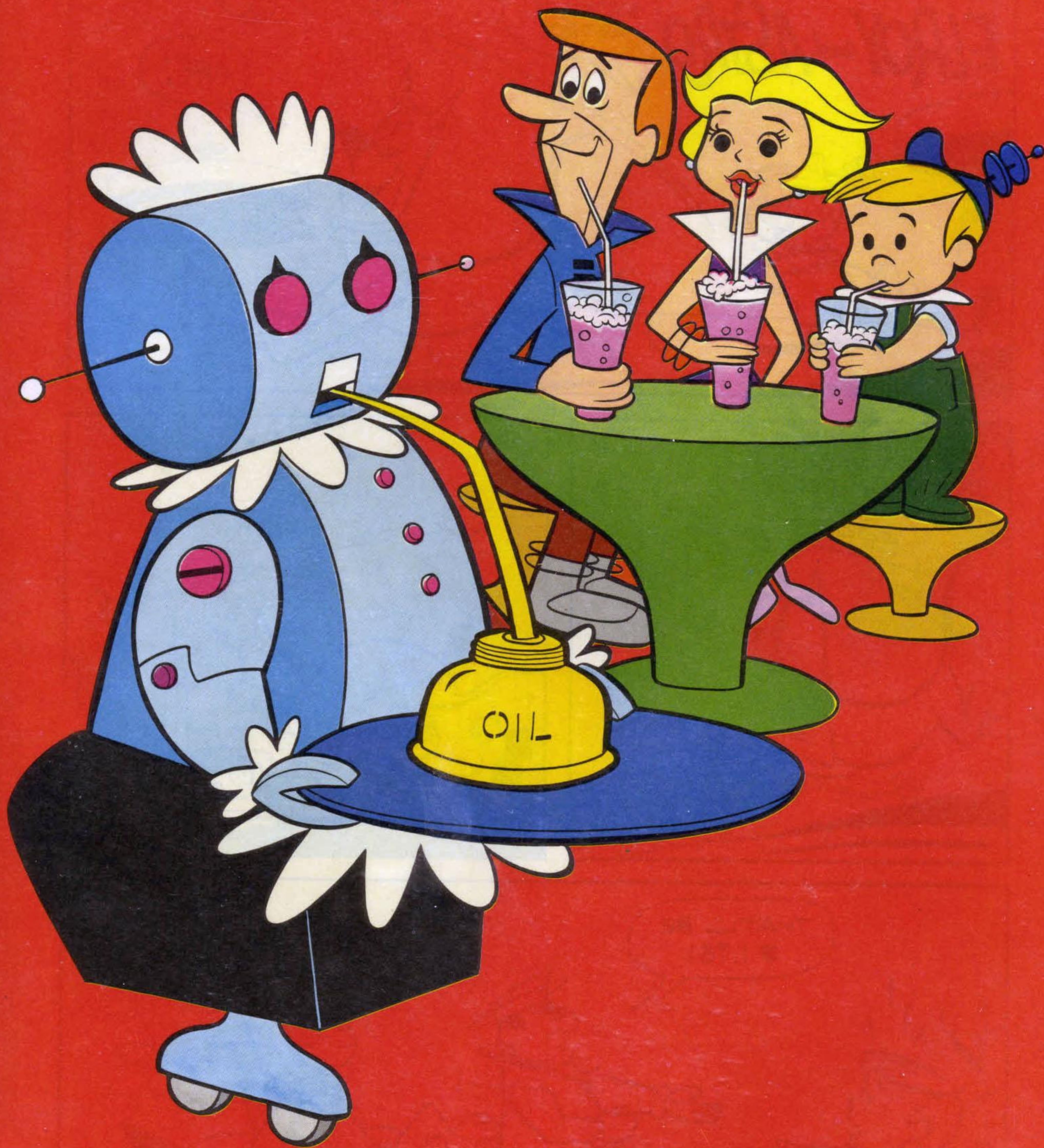












THE JETSONS PIN-UP